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RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BLOCKADE.

We publish on this page a drawing from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing the unsuccessful effort of the rams *Switzerland* and *Lancaster* to run the Vicksburg batteries on the night of 25–26th March. A rebel account mentioned the attempt of the rams, and stated that both were disabled and one sunk. A Union account says:

"Last Wednesday evening the rams *Lancaster* and *Switzerland* undertook to run the batteries at Vicksburg. As soon as they came within range the rebels opened a tremendous fire. The *Lancaster* was struck thirty times. Her entire bow was shot away, causing her to sink immediately, turning a complete somersault as she went down. All the crew except two escaped. The *Switzerland* was disabled by a 64-pound ball penetrating the steam-drum. She floated down, the batteries still firing and striking her repeatedly, until finally the *Albatross* ran alongside and towed her to the lower mouth of the canal. The loss of life on her is not ascertained."

Our correspondent mentions an interesting circumstance. The *Lancaster* had just sunk under the terrible hail of shot and shell from the rebel batteries. The *Switzerland* was badly injured, the smoke and steam filling her completely. At that moment Colonel Ellet remembered or perceived that the flag was not in its right place. Instantly ascending to the deck, he caught the halyards and hoisted the bunting in the face of the cheering rebels, while the shower of lead and iron whistled round him. A very gallant exploit.

Colonel Ellet, in reply to a request from our correspondent, addressed him the following note:

"Head-quarters M. M. Brigade, Flag-ship
"'Autocrat,' *March* 25, 1863.

"You ask me 'how the contrabands behaved' on board the 'Ram *Lancaster*' during the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, the explosion of the boilers, and the sinking of my vessel? I am happy to have the pleasure of stating to you that while the white men on board behaved with the utmost coolness and the most heroic daring, the 'contrabands' were not *less* brave and fearless.

"Not one of them *flinched*, and they obeyed every command with precision and alacrity.

"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"John A. Ellet,
"Lieut.-Colonel Commanding Ram *Lancaster*."

SKETCHES AT GENERAL HOOKER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

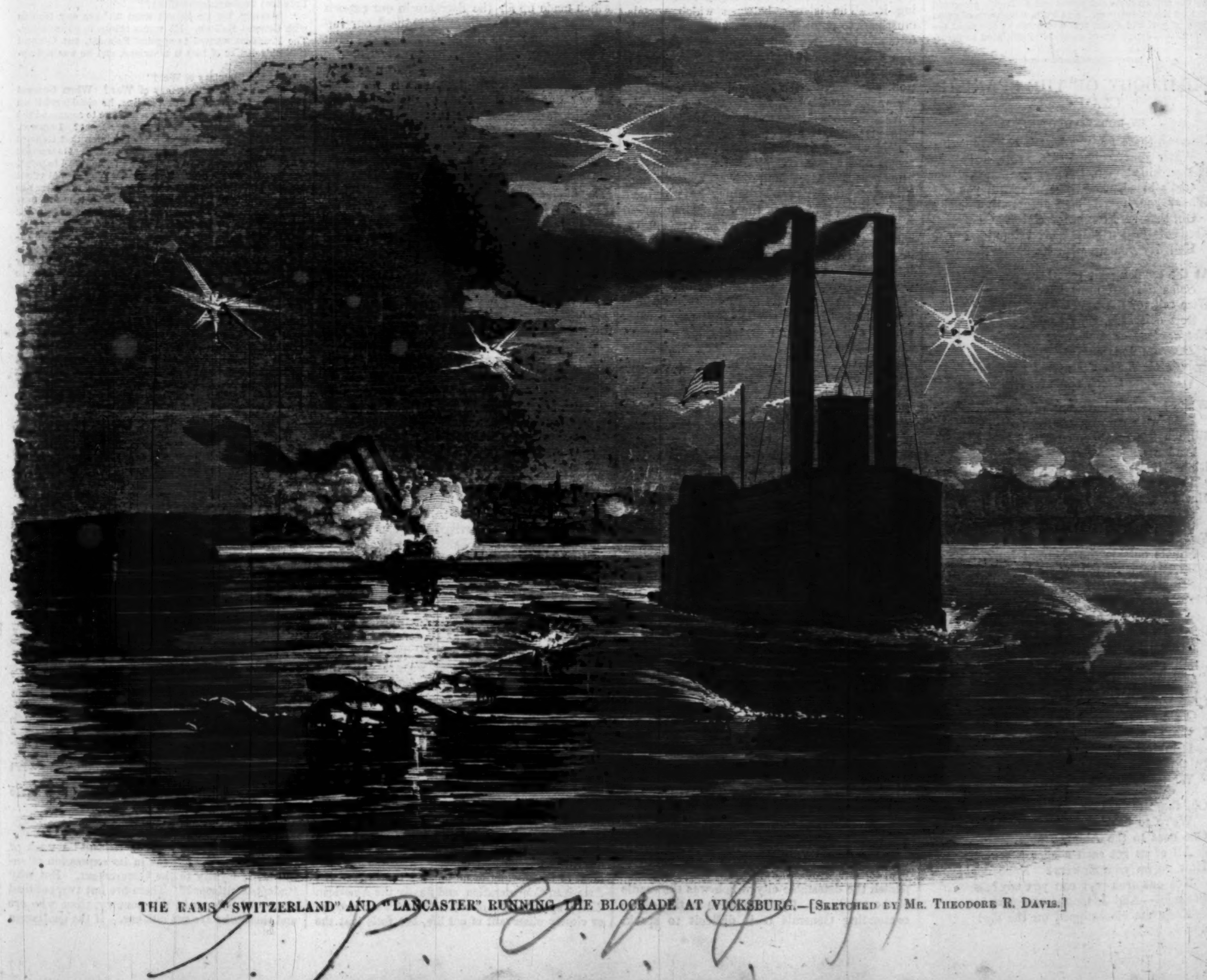
We devote pages 244 and 245 to illustrations of the Head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud. Mr. Waud writes:

"The term 'head-quarters' conveys but a vague idea to the uninitiated. Most people are aware that the general lives and has his tent there, but of the necessity and use of the large train of officers that accompany the general few out of the army have a correct idea. In the first place, the general must have his personal aids, whose duty it is to be always in attendance, to assist their commander in his plans, carry dispatches of importance, make themselves conversant with the position of the army and the roads, and in battle direct, under the general's orders, the movements of the various corps, etc., etc. The chief of staff, whose tent is always near the general's, has a very onerous position. He must keep himself accurately posted on the actual condition of the army in all its departments, the intention and results of its movements, reconnoissances, etc. Through him the general's orders are transmitted, and it is his duty to furnish the commander-in-chief and the head of the War Department tables of the strength and position of corps and posts, reports of operations, and all necessary information. Next to the commander, the chief of staff is the man of the whole army who can do the most good if he is capable, and the most harm if deficient in ability.

"The remainder of the officers of head-quarters are chiefs of the departments in which the army is divided and their aids. The Adjutant-General's department, through which orders are published, reports and returns received and disposed of, tables formed of the state and detail of the army, records made, and much more. The Engineers', whose duty it is to construct fortifications, field defenses, roads, bridges, etc., and remove obstructions. The Topographical Engineers', whose duty it is to survey and map the country in which the army is to operate, attend reconnoissances, examine routes of communication by land and water both for supplies and military movements, and lay out new roads. The Chief of Artillery, in a siege or battle, directs the position of the artillery, and is responsible for the condition of that arm of the service. The Chief of Cavalry has similar duties in the cavalry. The Chief of Ordnance has charge of and furnishes all ordnance and ordnance stores for the military service; also equipments for mounted troops. The Inspector-General's duties are to inspect and report upon stores and animals, and every thing required to keep the army in good condition. The Medical Director attends to the entire working of that department, and after a battle makes lists of the killed and wounded; and at other times regulates the management of the hospitals, the distribution of medical supplies, etc. The Chief Commissary, through whom the army is fed. The Chief Quarter-master, by whom it is clothed, provided with tents and transportation. The Provost-Marshal General, who receives prisoners, and attends to the police of the army, including the secret-service department. The Chief Signal-officer, and many minor departments or sub-departments, such as the telegraph-office, the post-office, the balloon party, and others—all tend, with their necessary complement of clerks for office-work, orderlies for outdoor purposes, servants, and grooms, to swell the proportions of the camp at head-quarters, which is, in fact—under the orders of the War Department—the seat of government, the metropolis, or capital, of the community which is formed by the presence of the army."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER BRIDEMAIDS.

We illustrated the marriage of the Prince of Wales very fully in our last number. In this, on page 253, we give a picture of the Princess and her Bridemaids as they appeared at the altar.



THE RAMS "SWITZERLAND" AND "LANCASTER" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT VICKSBURG.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]

G. P. E. P. P.

Our fair readers will doubtless take pleasure in studying out the dresses. The *Times* reporter thus described them:

> The Princess's dress is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight bodice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling tight, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection. Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses.
>
> The young ladies thus honored with so fair a post in the long programme of this happy day are all the daughters of dukes, marquises, or earls, whose titles are almost as familiar as the names of our kings of old. They were Lady Victoria Alexandria Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch; Lady Theodora Grosvenor, daughter of the Marquis of Westminster; Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans; Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of the Earl of Listowel; Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke; Lady Victoria Alexandrina Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Cawdor; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Ernestine Emma Horatia Mount Edgecumbe, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe; and Lady Feodorowna Cecilia Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley.
>
> It is quite superfluous to say how they looked, as, robed in snowy white and wrapped in veils, they followed their royal mistress with soft footsteps, though, as they were not going to be married, they seemed to think themselves relieved from the necessity of looking on the ground, and glanced about and turned to one and another, and made believe to look as if they did not know and hear that they commanded almost their full tribute of admiration, even behind such a lady in such a scene as this. Imagination must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them. Their dresses were all of white—a wonderful mixture of silk and lace that made them seem ethereal in their lightness, as partly wrapped in long soft veils they passed as noiselessly as a vision which can not be forgotten or described.

Another writer says:

> The Princess's wedding-dress consisted of a petticoat of pearl-white silk, embroidered with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, trimmed with four rows of silver lace round the bottom, robing up the centre, over which was suspended a train of crimson velvet, magnificently embroidered with the same design in silver as the petticoat. The bodice and sleeves were composed of the same costly materials. The costumes of the bridemaids were composed of a rich white glace slip, covered with tulle skirts, the bottom trimmed with a ruche of bouillonnes of tulle, the middle one looped up in spaces all round with bouquets of blush-roses, heather, and shamrock. From the waist fell a long tulle tunique, festooned upon one side with two long hanging bouquets of roses, etc.; the body and sleeves trimmed to correspond with tulle and flowers. Coiffure, a wreath of roses, heather, and shamrock, with a long tulle veil falling from the back of the head.

The *Illustrated London News* says:

> The Princess looked as beautiful as she did on Saturday—as beautiful as we trust she will for many and many a long year; but she was evidently in a state of extreme nervous agitation; her eyes were downcast, and it was easy to perceive the tremulous motion of the large bouquet of orange-flowers she carried. Her dress, of ample but inordinate dimensions, was of white tulle over white silk, richly decked with orange-blossoms; a wreath of the same pretty components encircled her head, and mingled with her soft brown hair, which was not so entirely *coiffée à la Chinoise* as on Saturday, but had sufficient abandon given to it to permit one of those long, pendent curls called a *repentir* to fall on her neck. For all ornament she wore the superb parure of pearls and diamonds presented to her by the bridegroom. Her train, which was of great length, was of white silk, and was borne by the eight noble damsels—daughters of earls—who officiated as bridemaids.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley?"
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial
Ere 'tis [illegible] to touch our chaps—
Marked with L. for our initial!
(He, he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank,
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-hairs
—Can't I see his dead eye glow
Bright, as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I, the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp!

Oh, those melons! If he's able,
We're to have a feast; so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble,
Keep 'em close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel,
On gray paper with blunt type:
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his green-gages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine* . . .
'St, there's vespers! *Plena gratiâ*
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

CHARLESTON.

As we go to press the public mind is intensely anxious about Charleston. A dispatch from rebel sources mentions that our troops landed in force, on 2d, on Seabrook's plantation, on John's Island. Letters from our own people allude to the advance of at least one of our regiments to within nine miles of Charleston. And the Navy Department allows it to be known that Admiral Dupont expected to attack the water defenses of the place about 6th inst. From these various scraps of intelligence the public infer that Charleston has been or is being attacked, and loyal people await the result with intense anxiety. The capture of Charleston would strike a blow at the rebellion as severe as the capture of New Orleans; while, on the other hand, the repulse of Hunter and Dupont would considerably discourage the North.

From the elaborate map of Charleston and its vicinity, which we published a couple of weeks since, it can readily be discovered that the place has been made very formidable indeed. For over a year the most skillful engineers in the South have been engaged in fortifying it. The islands, between which vessels must pass to enter the harbor, are studded with forts and batteries; and from the best information that could be obtained, our officers are of opinion that not less than 1000 guns are in position, commanding the channel, the inlets, and the various roads traversing James and Sullivan's Islands. Across the mouth of the harbor is stretched a row of piles or obstructions—which, so long as they remain there, close all access and egress. Connected with these are numerous torpedoes, and other explosive machines, the effect of which may be imagined from the fact that one of them exploding under the *Montauk* lifted her stern one foot out of water. These obstructions passed, a hostile fleet would then have to encounter Fort Sumter—which has not been iron-clad, as some people foolishly report, or clad with Palmetto logs, of which there are none to be had—but which has undoubtedly been strengthened very considerably, and filled with heavy rifled cannon; Fort Moultrie, which is now a most formidable work, having been entirely rebuilt by General Ripley; a new powerful work, built in the centre of the harbor by General Beauregard; and the rebel iron-clad fleet, including a number of nondescript floating batteries, etc. Such is the prospect before Admiral Dupont and his fleet.

We know less about the land defenses than about the works on the sea-board. But it has been pretty thoroughly ascertained that careful engineering works have been thrown up by Beauregard on every avenue leading to the city by which an army could approach, and mounted with guns of large calibre. In and behind these works the rebels have an army the strength of which it is difficult to conjecture. As, however, every male between 18 and 45 is in the army, it is probably fair to presume that at Charleston and Savannah there must be 50,000 rebels under arms, the bulk of whom could be concentrated within a few hours at any point desired.

It will thus be seen that General Hunter and Admiral Dupont have no holiday task before them. We will not infringe the rules of the Department by stating what we know of the strength of our forces in that quarter, or of the ingenious devices which have been contrived for the purpose of overcoming torpedoes and obstructions, and destroying floating batteries. It may suffice to say that if the rebels are formidable, so are their antagonists. If Beauregard's troops will fight with the desperation of men contending for their homes, our gallant soldiers will, on the other hand, strain every nerve to punish the detestable city which was the cradle of the rebellion. Of the relative merits of the contending Generals it is difficult to speak. Beauregard, who was much praised at the outbreak of the rebellion, is now held very cheap by the rebel Government. General Hunter has never had an opportunity of showing what he can do, but those who know him best are confident he will give a good account of himself.

We can say no more. If the deadly struggle has begun, then GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

WAR AND TRADE.

BEFORE the rebellion broke out, it was a common saying at the South that the North could not fight the South because its prosperity was bound up with the free export of Southern staples. Trade tables were quoted to show that over two-thirds our exports were of Southern growth, while nine-tenths of our importations were landed at Northern ports; whence it was inferred that, in default of Southern cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar, and turpentine, the Northern States would be unable to pay for the foreign manufactures which they consumed, and would inevitably become bankrupt. This sort of reasoning was ventilated not only in Southern journals and speeches, but in Northern papers devoted to the Southern cause, and in such British pro-slavery organs as the London *Times*.

We have now before us the returns of the trade of the first year of war. Sumter was bombarded on 12th April, 1861, and the war actually commenced on 15th of that month. The fiscal year 1861–'62 commenced on 1st July, 1861, and ended on 30th June, 1862. It was from first to last a year of war. Yet our foreign commerce during that year shows an aggregate export of $229,790,280, against an aggregate import of $205,819,823, thus leaving a balance in favor of the country of $23,970,457. These figures are very much less than the average for the past ten years. Of Southern products—cotton, tobacco, rice, and turpentine—we were in the habit, before the war, of sending to Europe over $200,000,000 worth, and at times the export of these staples very largely exceeded this sum. In 1851–'52 we exported barely $14,000,000 of all these articles, and we probably imported an equal amount. It seems, however, that our consumption of foreign goods has declined with our exports, and that, in fact, the first year of the war left us at least as well off, so far as foreign nations are concerned, as any previous year of peace.

The great law of compensation, which politicians and merchants so constantly neglect, and which none but thoughtful statisticians understand, led to an increase in our exports of food which made up for the decrease in our exports of cotton, and simultaneously reduced our imports by so much as the South was in the habit of consuming.

Southern sympathizers—now known as Copperheads—predicted in 1860 that in the event of war our gold would all be drawn from us. Notwithstanding the fact that the bulk of our foreign merchants have remitted their means in gold or its equivalent—exchange—to Europe, for the sake of safety, we discover that with the single exception of the abnormal year 1860–'61, the specie export of the year 1861–'62, $36,886,956, was less than that of any year since 1853–'54. We received from our mines, during that year, more specie than we sent abroad. The export during the current year will be heavier, but it will not exceed that of the years 1855, 1859, or 1860, and it will fall considerably short of that of the year 1857.

In estimating the foreign trade of the United States care must always be taken not to forget the movement of stocks. From 1853 to 1857 Federal, State, county, city, and railway stocks constituted one of our staple exports. Every steamer took out large parcels, thus swelling the balance of trade in our favor, and helping to pay for the foreign goods we consumed. After the revulsion of 1857 this foreign demand for our securities fell off, and the mismanagement and misfortunes of our railways, assisted by the dishonest conduct of certain Western communities, led to a pretty general return of American securities from Europe. From 1858 to 1861 every steamer which arrived here came freighted with American stocks. About the close of the year 1861 the tide changed again, though almost imperceptibly. The European markets had been denuded of American securities, and a fresh inquiry for them arose. For the past year the current has flowed eastward. It has at times been so slight as to defy observation. At other times, as latterly, it has been very active indeed. At present we are exporting American securities to an amount which will tell very sensibly on our foreign exchanges.

THE LOUNGER.

"THE LEAGUE OF STATES."

THIS is the title of a paper in *Harper's Magazine* for January, which has been reprinted in pamphlet form by Mr. C. B. Richardson. The author is the historian Benson J. Lossing, and it presents in a clear, concise, and conclusive manner the development of the instinct of nationality from which the American Confederation, and finally the American *Union*, sprang. No man familiar with our history, or closely observant of our life, but feels that the Union is merely the word by which we express the fact of the nation. It was the instinct of nationality that made the Constitution and the Union. It was not the nation that was made by the Union. That only gave the inevitable political form to the fact. Nationality is a sentiment; a feeling; an instinct. It can not be repealed. It can not be dissolved. If every State in the country should separate from every other [illegible]ttraction of cohesion would instantl[illegible] work, and they would all gravitate [illegible] again into one.

Hence [illegible] futility of all effort in the war which aims at any other result than union. In the rebel States the sentiment of nationality and patriotism is doubtless greatly overborne by party hatred, and a mania upon the Slavery question. But those at the South who still hold fast to the country are those from whom the future of the South will spring. Those in whom the preference for a State or love of slavery has destroyed the national instinct, are those whom the war will exterminate or expel. It is the feeling of the mass of the people which will control and decide this quarrel. If the rebellious faction could be allowed to go without danger to the nation, there would be a large party which would cry "good riddance." But that can no more be done than a foot or a hand can be cut off from the body without maiming it.

It is in view of this fact of nationality, and of its necessity, that the concluding words of Mr. Lossing's admirable and instructive pamphlet have such meaning:

"Let us remember that we are a Nation, not a league of States. Words have deep significance in certain relations. Let us, in thinking, speaking, and writing of our Government and its concerns, habitually use the word *National* instead of *Federal*. The former expresses a great truth, and is broad and noble; the latter expresses a falsehood, and is narrow and ignoble in comparison. The former is calculated to inspire our children with just, expanded, and patriotic views; the latter, by its common use, will tend to perpetuate the heretical doctrine of *State sovereignty*, give our children false ideas, and make them subservient to sectional bigotry. Let us habitually say, National Congress, National Capitol, National Government, National Army and Navy, National Judiciary, etc. Let the idea of *Nationality* permeate our whole political system."

FROM A DIARY.

JONES, who has just come from Washington, smiles when he is asked why Butler is not employed, and answers, 'Halleck." When he is questioned to know why Frémont failed to get the command which was so certainly promised him, he smiles again and replies, "Halleck." When some one inquires of him why M'Clellan is out of service, he sweetly smiles and rejoins, "Halleck."

"Halleck," said Jones at the club, and in the blandest tones, "is our old Man of the Sea. He is by no means a large man, but he has got us comfortably between his knees."

"Yes," replied ——, "that may be so, but is not the President Commander-in-Chief?"

"Certainly, but he doesn't want to have any trouble with General Halleck. He wants things to go smoothly. The President wanted to appoint Frémont, but General Halleck's dislike of him is notorious, and he was not appointed."

"But the Secretary of War?"

"Oh; is there a Secretary of War? When General Mitchell was sent to South Carolina, he considered it an exile. Do you ask why he was sent there to command the six or seven thousand men in that department? I answer, 'Halleck.' General Halleck was of opinion that General Mitchell was a better astronomer than general. He thought that his Western services sounded well when read in print, but that they were of small account. Why was Mitchell recalled? Was he sent for from Alabama to be sent to South Carolina? I think not. I think that he was destined for another command, and in Virginia. If you ask me why he didn't get it, I can only answer politely, 'Halleck.' If you ask why any thing military hitches, the answer is, as sweetly as you can put it, 'Halleck.' I do not speak of Fredericksburg, nor allude to pontoons. I freely allow that we do not know much, and that we hear more lies than truths. I know also that we are foolishly impatient, and must always have a scape-goat. Moreover, I think that few of us do justice to the extreme difficulty of the President's position. But while I try not to forget all this, I can not approve a military management which leaves a man like Butler unemployed; because, if for no other reason, it is precisely what delights every Copperhead, and, for one, I should be perfectly willing to see General Halleck and General Butler change places."

There was not a man in the room who did not agree with Jones.

There has been a good deal of fluttering and letter-writing since the publication of Lord Lyons's dispatch announcing that some persons in New York, whom he called "Conservative" leaders, had been plotting with him, or proposing to plot, for the intervention of England in our war. The *Herald* immediately mentioned several prominent persons as leaders. Upon which some of them hastened to purge themselves of suspicion. How could they henceforth appeal to Patrick against John Bull if Patrick knew they had been trying to persuade John to put his finger into our affairs? With edifying celerity Mr. Fernando Wood was the first to purge. When —— read his letter he turned to ——, and said,

"Well, Fernando disclaims any part in the plot!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but your tone argues incredulity."

"Does it? Well, some birds are too old to allow any salt to be thrown upon their tails."

"What does that mean?" asked ——, with an inquiring look.

"It means only," replied ——, "that my faith in Mr. Wood's political remarks has long ago taken the benefit of the statute of limitations."

"Well, but what do you say of the Honorable Mr. Belmont's letter?"

"I didn't observe," replied ——, puffing his cigar calmly, "that he denied having conferred with Lord Lyons."

"You know he had just returned from the Havana, don't you?"

"Yes; and I know that he had just heard from Rhode Island."

AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THE meeting of "adopted citizens" a week or two since was unanimous in its expression of enthusiastic loyalty to the Government. But why "adopted citizens?" There are but two political classes of persons in this country, those who are and those who are not citizens. If the gentlemen who express these loyal sentiments are foreigners, their hearty sympathy and interest are most grateful. But if they are American citizens why not say so? Why endeavor to emphasize the fact of foreign birth? Why create more classes and divisions than actually exist? Whoever is an American citizen can have no higher title. And obviously all judicious men will wish at this time to blend as closely as possible the great mass of loyal citizens—and to avoid classifying them by any name of party or country. For all loyal men there is now but one party, that of the Government; but one country, the United States of America. When the flag floats supreme once more we may remember that we were born in America or Germany, in Ireland or France; we may discover that we belong to some political party that marches, with all the other parties, beneath that flag. But now all our hands and hearts are needed to hold it aloft and establish it securely. While the war lasts we are not Republicans or Democrats—we are not foreigners and natives—we are only loyal American citizens, resolved to stand by our Government and the Union, and to support it always in every way that it requires our aid, knowing that when the Government falls, we fall with it, and that the end of the Union is the end of peace and prosperity in every State, in every county, and in every town of the country.

GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

A QUIET, faithful, patient, and industrious life ended when George Long Duyckinck died. His almost shadowy figure flitting through the street had long foretold the event; and those who knew him but slightly, like the writer of these lines, could not be surprised when they read that he was gone. Yet the notice of his death recalled other days in other lands, the bloom and bright expectancy of youth, when he too dreamed dreams and saw visions. Of literary tastes and ambition, he led the retired, unobtrusive life of a scholar and author. And if he achieved no eminent literary fame, his biography of George Herbert must be long prized by the thoughtful, religious reader, while his name will be always associated with that of his brother Evert as the joint author of that truly noble monument of literary and historical research, the Cyclopedia of American Literature.

George Duyckinck's work ends early, but it is well done; and the purity of the impression which even the intercourse of a casual acquaintance received, his fidelity, his noiseless piety, the consciousness of powers and life well used, will "plead against oblivion for his name."

THE ARGUMENT OF SEPARATION.

ONE of our faithful friends in England is Goldwin Smith, Professor of History at Oxford. He writes under the name of "Anglo-Saxon," in the London *Daily News*, with a vigor and knowledge which are most admirable. But he shares to some degree the feeling which was combated in a late "Letter to an English Friend" in these columns, and expresses the opinion that some kind of division might be both feasible and desirable.

In reference to this letter a friend writes to the Lounger: "I am surprised at the difficulty experienced by him and by others of the soundest English thinkers in recognizing the invincible objections to a separation and division of the States. It is not easy to see what prevents them from appreciating the case—from understanding that geographically, politically, and morally division is alike impracticable. It is only for men who hold similar opinions to those of Conway, of Kansas, to argue for separation. All those who believe in the righteousness of the cause which the North is sustaining, and who have confidence in the depth and honesty of conviction of the mass of the Northern people, ought to see that to recognize a Southern Confederacy is to be untrue to the principles which underlie all our professions, and are the ground of all our hopes.

"I was writing the other day to ——, at Oxford, and citing this passage (of Goldwin Smith's). I compared with it the following sentence from his remarkable treatise on 'Irish History and Irish Character,' where, speaking of the possible relations between England and Ireland, he says: 'Independence would of course be feasible in itself, if it could only be accompanied by geographical separation; but so close a neighborhood would involve contact, and contact would bring on collision; rivalry, jealousy, hostility would spring up all the more certainly because there would be between the two countries the memory of a former union and of a recent divorce; and Ireland, menaced by the power of England, would become the ward or vassal of France or some other foreign power, which, for its own purposes, would constitute itself her protector.' This reasoning has a double force in our case; and, sufficient argument as it is, is in our case accompanied by others still stronger."

WHAT IS LOYALTY?

WHEN Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. G. Ticknor Curtis sneer at loyalty, as a word which has no meaning in a popular government, what do they mean? When they say or insinuate that it is an emotion known only in monarchies, they merely say what the experience of every moment contradicts. Loyalty is a purely impersonal emotion, except in the case of individuals. The general British loyalty to the monarch, for instance, is like the Romish reverence for the Pope. The Briton knows nothing and cares nothing about the woman Victoria. It is the Queen who is the object of his loyalty; just as the Holy Father may be personally a scamp or a criminal; but the Pope must be infallible.

Now an Englishman is loyal to the Queen for what reason? Simply, you answer, because she is Queen. Yes; but what is the Queen in England? She is merely the visible representative of the nation. Individually she may be worthless; but as a representative of the national power and majesty she is profoundly honored. If she were Boadicea, if she personally commanded men and swayed them by her superior genius, they would be loyal to that personal superiority. But for her subjects she is a ceremony merely; and if, in the case of Victoria, her blamelessness of life and the fact that she is a woman, create a peculiar interest, that interest has nothing to do with loyalty. Englishmen were just as loyal to that worthless popinjay George Fourth as they are to the estimable woman who is now Queen. And in each case loyalty was the same thing. It was reverence for the King and Queen. But the King and Queen in the British system are ciphers. The reverence is for their representative quality.

Now will either of the learned political pundits who deny the possibility of loyalty as an American sentiment, deny that the American citizen (excepting always Copperheads) honors the majesty and power of his Government quite as much as a British subject?

It is the national glory and grandeur—in one word, it is the Nation—which, in any civilized modern people, is the object of the emotion called loyalty. It is blended of pride and fidelity. And as in this country there is no separate and permanent representative of the nation, independent of parties in the nation, the feeling attaches itself to the Government lawfully constituted and represented. He is a loyal man who stands by it, and votes and fights for it. He is a disloyal man who tries in every way to embarrass and paralyze it; who talks about the distinction between the Administration and the Government; as if a man were at honorable liberty to refuse to obey any law, in this extremity of peril, which he may choose to call unconstitutional; or who plots with foreign Ministers for the ruin of the nation. Such a man is disloyal, whoever is or is not loyal.

BACON.

THE noble reprint of Bacon's works edited mainly by James Spedding, which has hitherto been issued by Brown and Taggard, has passed into the hands of Taggard and Thompson, who have lately published the fifth volume, and will regularly complete the work, two of the remaining five volumes being already in press. As this is the finest edition of Bacon's writings ever published, so it is properly one of the handsomest books issued in this country. That its publication is continued despite the war, is a cheering illustration of the good faith of publishers, and of the sufficient welcome of so great a work by the American people. Yet it is a matter of pride not alone with the publishers but with us all. We are sprung from the same stock with the philosopher, we have not outgrown his wisdom; and we honor ourselves in arraying him for our library shelves in a manner commensurate with his worth. It is certainly to be hoped that nothing will prevent the completion of the series. And if there be one work which no American "gentleman's library should be without," it is this fine edition of Bacon.

LOYAL SOLDIERS.

IT is pleasant to remark that the prejudice against black soldiers is steadily disappearing before the record of their bravery in the field. There is no instance of their ill-conduct. In the various expeditions upon which they have been sent, although none of them have been of the greatest importance, they have shown an obedience, an alacrity, a steadiness, and bravery which are of the best augury for the future.

Nor have the direful consequences to helpless innocence which, according to many, were to follow the summons to freedom of the black race, yet been detected. The direful consequences to helpless innocence are to be found in the story of the treatment of the blacks by the whites, not of the whites by the blacks. The remorseless and prolonged murder of the middle passage—the untold and inconceivable suffering of the subject race at the hands of brutal and irresponsible drivers—this has been the key note of the treatment of helpless innocence in the region now in rebellion. There were plenty of eloquent tears ready to flow upon the 1st of January over the fate that might befall the families of rebels. Where were the same tears for the anguish and wrong which had befallen for generations the families of the slaves of rebels?

The sympathy invoked in advance for sufferings that are purely imaginary, was only a part of the Copperhead conspiracy against the Government. If it could only be embarrassed and paralyzed, if it could only be compelled to yield to the rebellion and receive the terms that rebels might choose to impose, every Copperhead would rejoice. The end would be obtained, and every falsehood is a good enough Morgan if it only last until after election.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LAST POTATO.

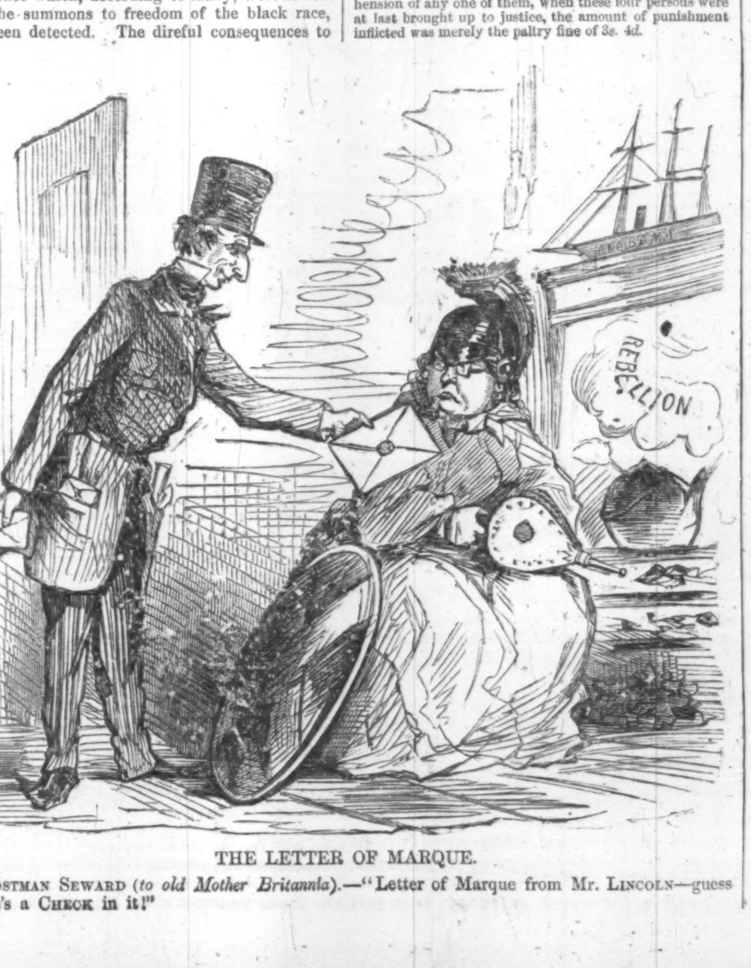
'TIS my last, last potato!
  Yet boldly I stand
With the calmness of Cato,
  My fork in my hand.
Not one in the basket?
  Must you also go?
(With sorrow I ask it)
  Shall I peel ye or no?

Let's make an incision
  (There's no need to peel ye),
'Twill let in the vision,
  To judge if ye're mealy.
How wholesome! how truly
  It smells through the mist
Good-by, my sweet Murphy,
  Oh, who could resist?

If in that blest Eden
  Potatoes had been
Of fruits the forbidden,
  We still should have sin;
For who in his senses
  Would long be in doubt
'Twixt earth with potatoes,
  Or Eden without.

THE MOHOCKS.

On the 6th June, 1712, Sir Mark Cole and three other gentlemen were tried at the old Bailey for riot, assault, and beating the watch. A paper of the day asserts that these were "Mohocks;" that they had attacked the watch in Devereux Street, slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm with a penknife so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, misused other women in a barbarous manner by setting them on their heads, and overset several coaches and chairs with short clubs, loaded with lead at both ends, expressly made for the purpose. In their defense the prisoners denied that they were Mohocks, alleging that they were "Scourers," and had gone out, with a magistrate's sanction, to scour the streets, arrest Mohocks and other offenders, and deliver them up to justice. On the night in question they had attacked a notorious gambling-house, and taken thirteen men out of it. While engaging in this meritorious manner they learned that the Mohocks were in Devereux Street, and on proceeding thither found three men desperately wounded, lying on the ground. They were then attacked by the watch, and felt bound to defend themselves. As an instance of the gross misconduct of the watch, it was further alleged that they, the watch, had on the same night actually presumed to arrest a peer of the realm, Lord Hitchinbroke, and had latterly adopted the practice of going their rounds by night accompanied by savage dogs. The jury, however, in spite of this defense, returned a verdict of "Guilty;" and the judge fined the culprits in the sum of three shillings and four-pence each. It is scarcely credible that, so late as the last century, a number of young men of rank and fashion, assuming the name of a savage tribe, emulated their barbarous actions by wantonly inflicting the most disgusting cruelties on the peaceable inhabitants, particularly women, of London. And after these Mohocks, as they styled themselves, had held the town in terror for two years, after a royal proclamation had offered £100 reward for the apprehension of any one of them, when these four persons were at last brought up to justice, the amount of punishment inflicted was merely the paltry fine of 3*s.* 4*d.*



THE LETTER OF MARQUE.

POSTMAN SEWARD (*to old Mother Britannia*).—"Letter of Marque from Mr. LINCOLN—guess there's a CHECK in it!"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

When is the first walking-stick mentioned?
When Eve presented Adam with a little cane (Cain.)

Why is an acting magistrate like freezing water?
Justice (just ice).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

REPORTED MOVEMENT NEAR CHARLESTON.

THE Richmond *Inquirer* of 3d inst. says:

The enemy have landed in force on Seabrook's, or John's Island. Three gun-boats and several transports are lying off the island. Skirmishing has already taken place between ours and the enemy's pickets. Our pickets are driven in and the enemy advancing. General Haygood has ordered all the women, children, and non-combatants removed from Adams Run, which is twenty miles from Seabrook's Island.

REPORTED BREAD RIOT AT RICHMOND.

Colonel Stewart, of the Second Indiana regiment, one of the fourteen United States officers just released by the rebels, and who has just arrived at Baltimore, makes the following statement: On Thursday last he saw from his prison window in Richmond a great bread riot, composed of about three thousand women, who were armed with clubs and guns and stones. They broke open the Government and private stores, and took bread, clothing, and whatever else they wanted. The militia were ordered out to check the riot, but failed to do so. Jeff Davis and other high officials made speeches to the infuriated women, and told them that they should have whatever they needed. They then became calm, and order was once more restored. All the other released Union officers confirm this statement.

The story, however, looks very fishy.

FROM VICKSBURG.

The news from Vicksburg is not encouraging. The movement on Haines's Bluff proved a failure, and our fleet has returned to Young's Point. The bombardment of Vicksburg was postponed from the 27th ult. in consequence of a storm; but General Grant had placed a heavy battery of Parrott guns beyond the levee, in a position to reach the city, and it is said has already silenced a rebel battery opposite.

THE SUNFLOWER EXPEDITION.

The Sunflower expedition has returned to the Mississippi River. The rebels had so obstructed the channel that no progress could be made through it. An attempt was made by the enemy to hem in the fleet by obstruction front and rear, but the infantry succeeded in releasing the vessels after some skirmishing.

MORGAN WHIPPED.

The following has been received at the head-quarters of the army:

MURFREESBORO, *April* 6, 1863.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

General Stanley has returned from his scout, bringing in some forty or fifty prisoners and 300 serviceable horses and mules. He drove Morgan's cavalry from the peninsula, whipping them from their strong-hold, Snow Hill, north of Smithville, and, but for their precipitate retreat and the difficult nature of the country, would have had a force in their rear and captured their artillery and animals.

The enemy left quite a number of their dead, and fled toward M'Minnville, leaving many horses, saddles, and guns.

W. S. ROSECRANS.

A REBEL CAMP ATTACKED.

We learn by dispatches from Nashville, dated on 7th, that General Mitchell, with three hundred and fifty cavalry, went out on the Lebanon pike to Green Hill, and, dashing into a rebel camp, where there was a large number of conscripts, on the sabre charge, he took fifteen prisoners, killed five, and captured all their arms, horses, and equipments.

JACKSONVILLE BURNED.

The town of Jacksonville, Florida, has been burned by the Union forces under Colonel Rust, in return for the attempt of the rebels to shell it and murder all the Union inhabitants.

BATTLE OF SOMERSET.

The official dispatches from General Gilmore relative to the battle near Somerset, Kentucky, on the 30th ult., have been forwarded by General Burnside to the War Department. The action lasted five hours. The rebels were driven from their first position, which was defended by six cannon, and the second position was finally stormed and carried. The rebels, commanded by Pegram, and numbering over two thousand six hundred men, were driven in confusion to and over the Cumberland River with a loss that "will not fall far short of five hundred men." Between three and four hundred cattle were taken, and "Scott's famous rebel regiment was cut off from the rest and scattered." General Gilmore is the officer who commanded at the reduction of Fort Pulaski last April.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General orders have been issued for a grand muster of the troops in the Potomac Army on the 10th inst., after which the muster-rolls of the different regiments will be sent to the Adjutant-General for the use of the Provost-Marshal in drafting men to fill up the regiments and batteries to their legal complement.

ELECTIONS IN CONNECTICUT AND RHODE ISLAND.

The election in Connecticut on 6th resulted in the success of the Republican ticket for State officers, and three of the four Republican nominees for Congress, while both branches of the Legislature are strongly Republican. The Democrats lose one member of Congress. Buckingham's majority for Governor is estimated at about three thousand, being a Republican loss of six thousand since last year.

The Rhode Island election likewise showed a victory for the Republicans.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE REBEL LOAN.

OUR European files by the *Canada*, dated on the 21st of March, detail the progress of the Confederate loan to its close in London, Liverpool, Paris, Frankfort, and Amsterdam. The bids amounted to fifteen millions of pounds sterling, and the premium averaged fully four and a half all through. The opinion of Sir Hugh Cairns as to the legality of the loan in England is published with the advertisement of the promoters.

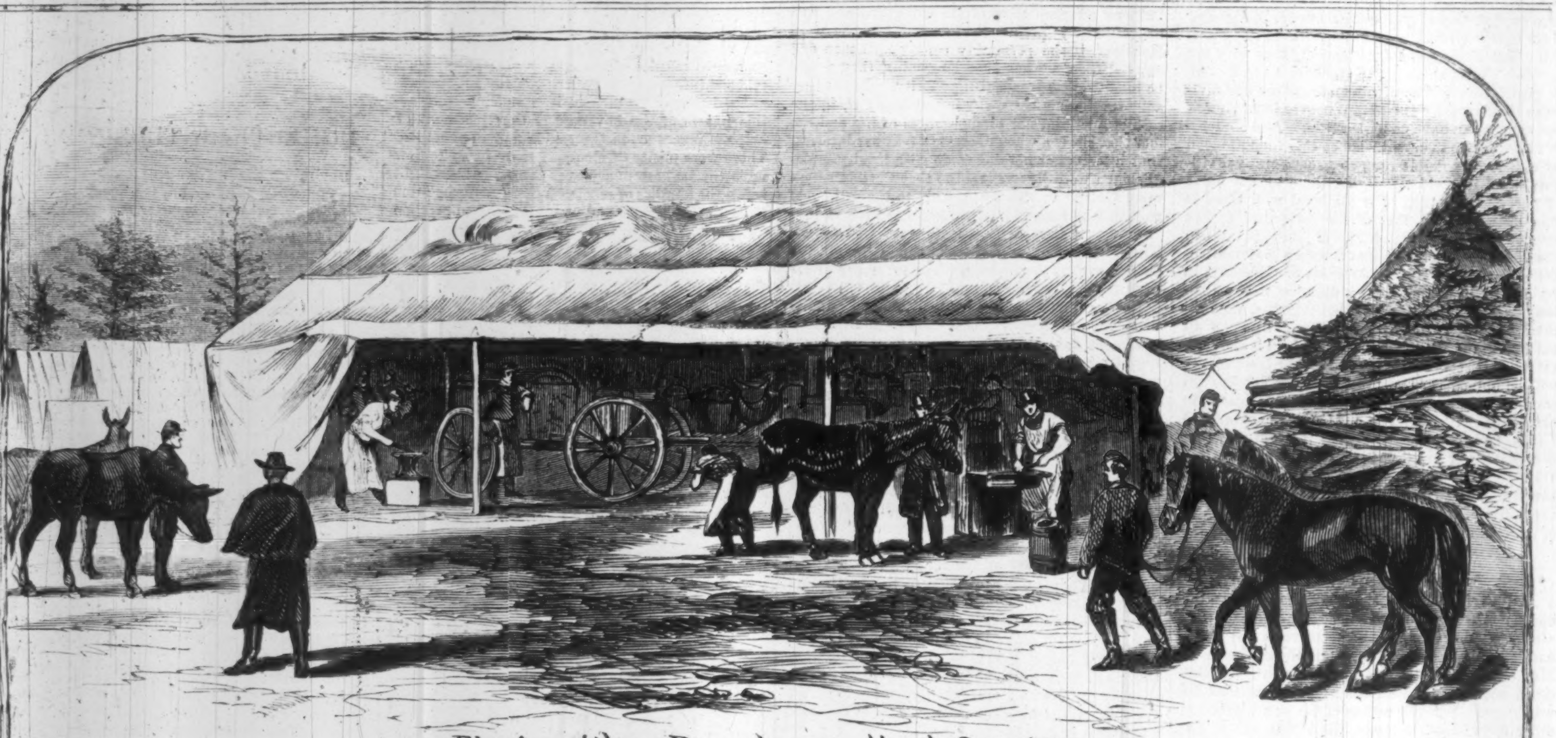
MORE SHIPS BURNED.

The ship *Washington*, lately captured and bonded by the *Alabama*, landed at Southampton, England, about three hundred and fifty men, taken from the American vessels *Golden Eagle*, *Olive Jane*, and *Palmetto*, by the commander of the *Alabama* before he destroyed them. The masters of the three vessels detail the circumstances attending the outrages of Captain Semmes.

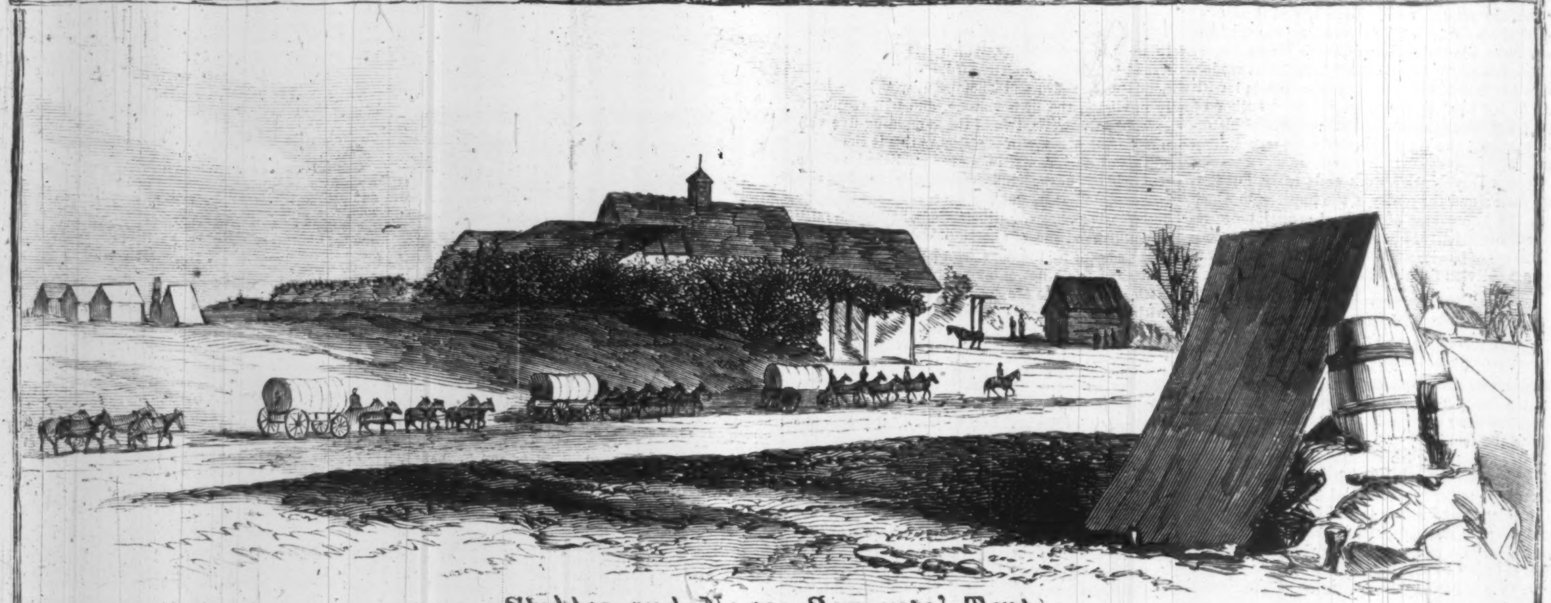
POLAND.

THE REVOLUTION.

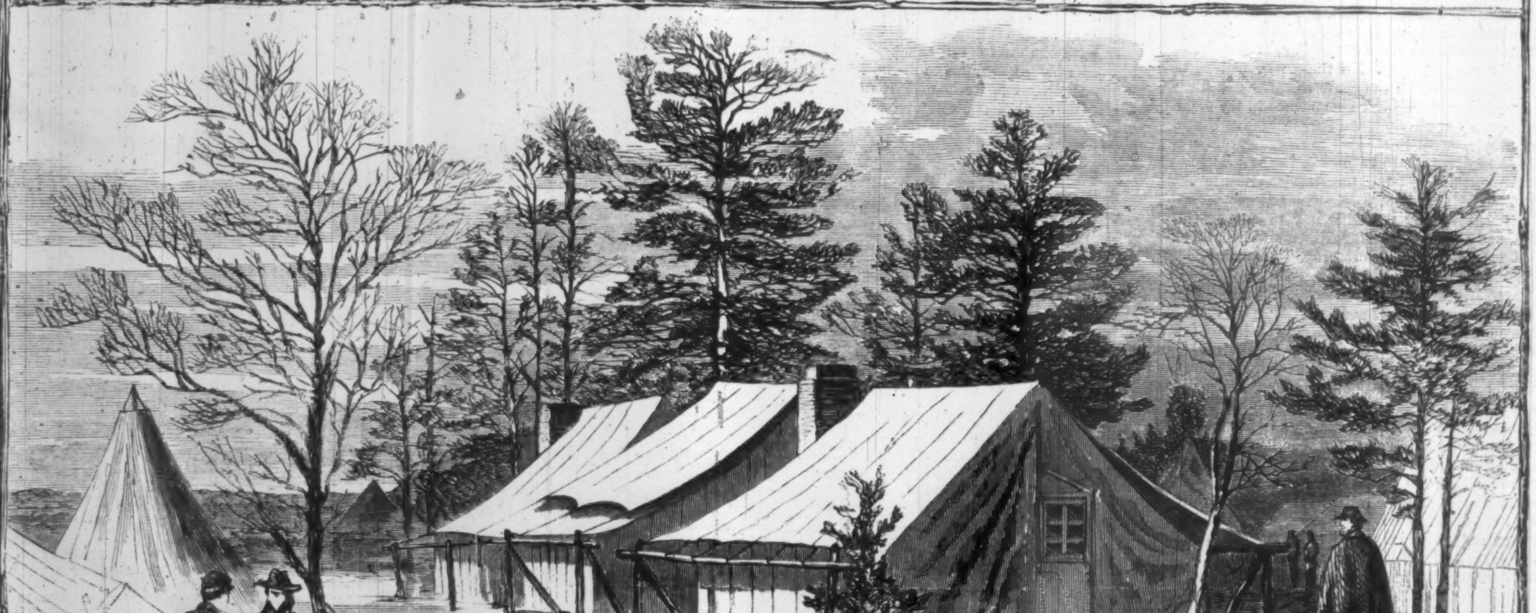
The reports announce the end of the Polish insurrection, so far as operations in the field against Russia are concerned. Langiewicz was defeated in battle by the forces of the Czar, and driven, with many of his soldiers, into the Austrian territory. Here he was held for some time as a prisoner, his followers being placed under the surveillance of the police. The ex-Dictator was finally surrendered to the Russian authorities, and conveyed to the fortress of Cracow. It was rumored in Paris that the Czar Alexander had telegraphed to Napoleon promises of an amnesty, a liberal constitution, and the right of self-government for Poland.



Blacksmiths Department, Head-Quarters.

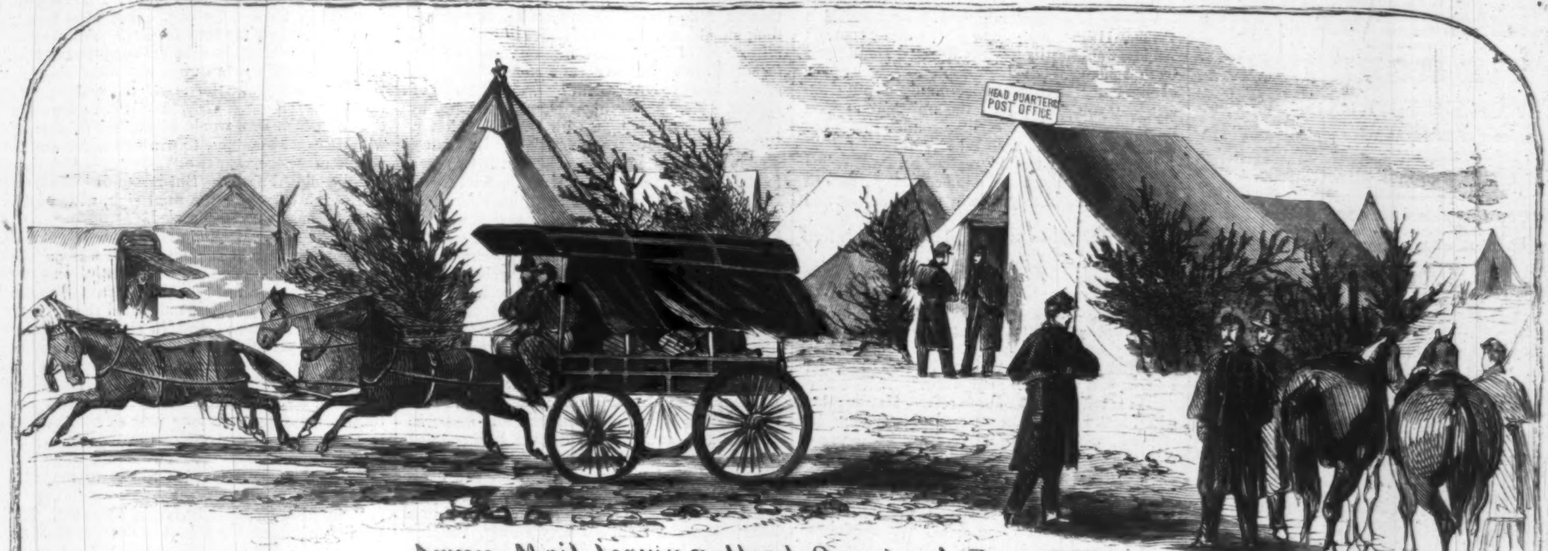


Stables and Negro Servants' Tent.

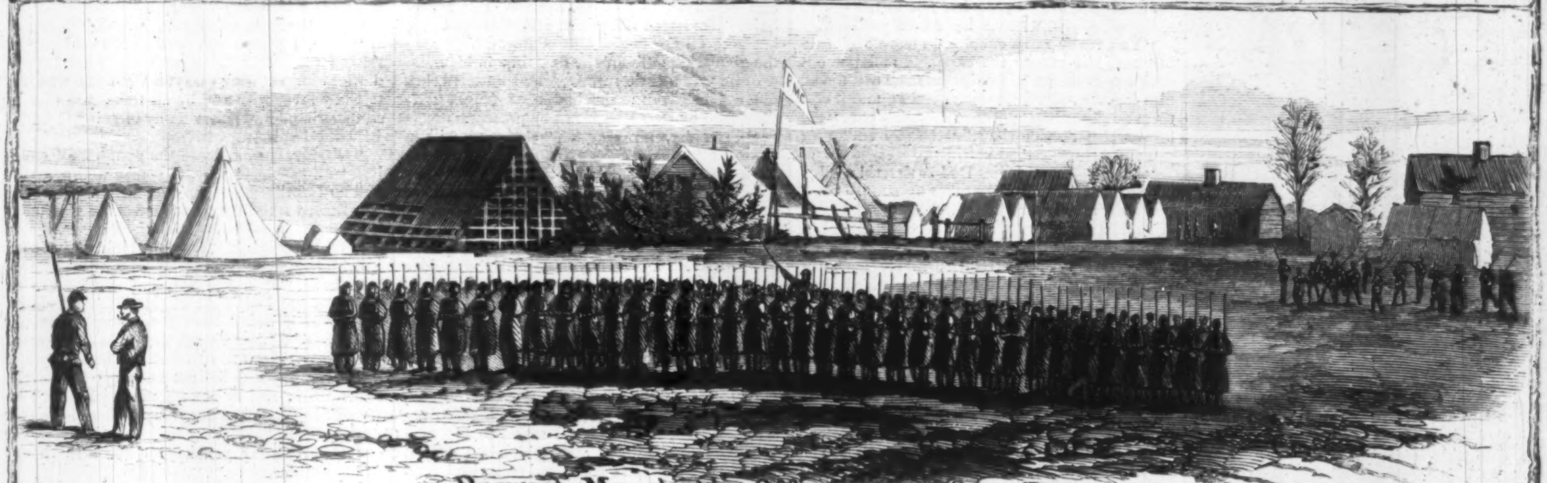


General Hooker's Tent.

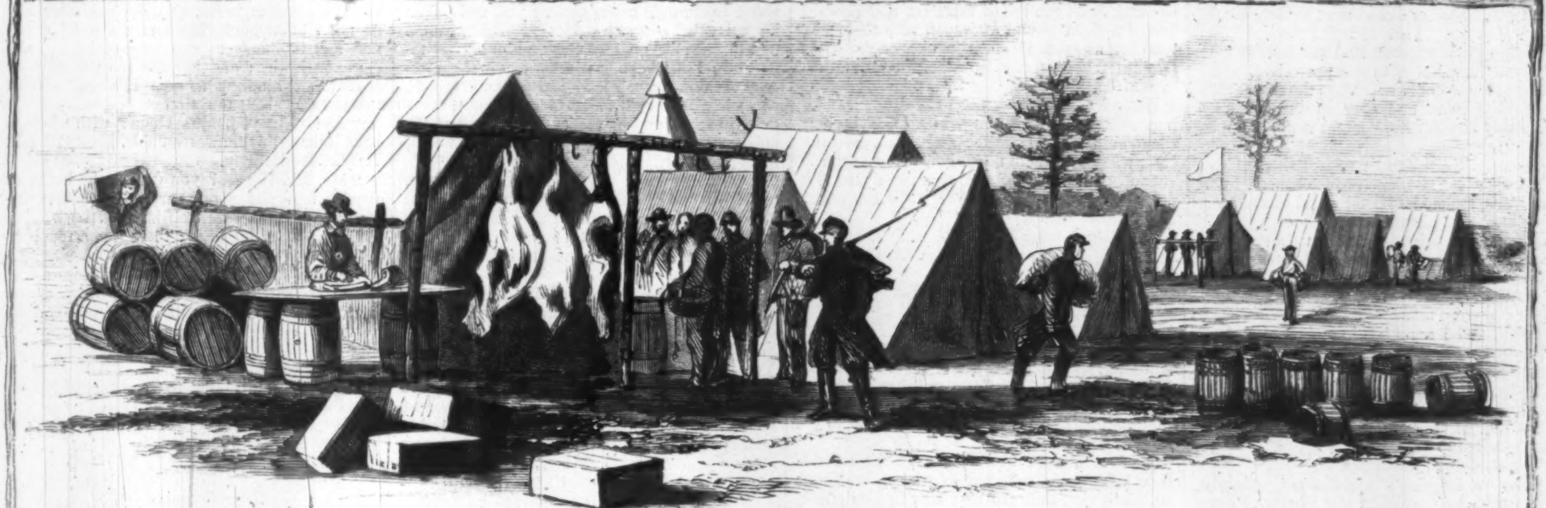
HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 241.]



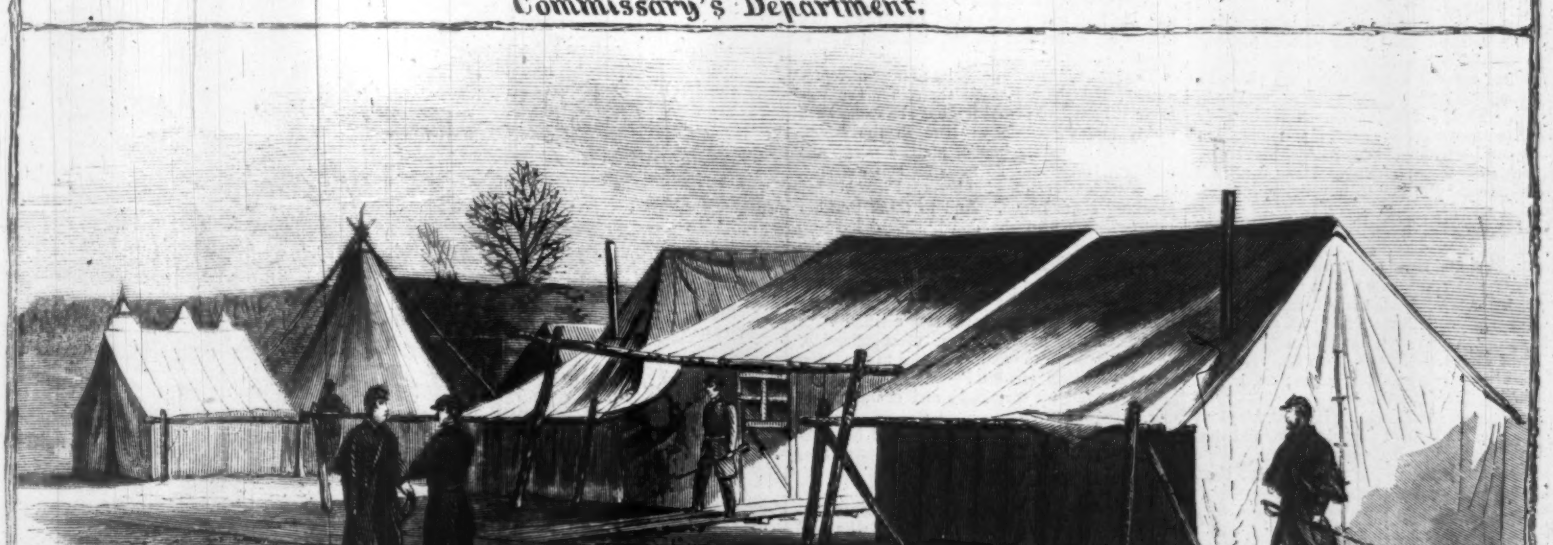
Army Mail leaving Head-Quarters' Post-Office.



Provost Marshal's Office, Head-Quarters.



Commissary's Department.



Adjutant-General's Office.

HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 241.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

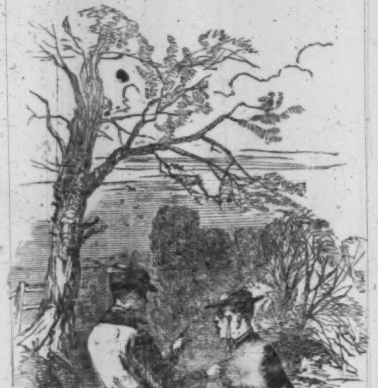
VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER III.

Winning boat-races was all very fine; but a hundred such victories could not compensate Mr. Kennet's female hearers for one such defeat as he had announced, a defeat that, to their minds, carried disgrace. Their Edward plucked! At first they were benumbed, and sat chilled, with red cheeks, bewildered between present triumph and mortification at hand. Then the color ebbed out of their faces, and they encouraged each other feebly in whispers, "might it not be a mistake?"

But unconscious Kennet robbed them of this timid hope. He was now in his element, knew all about it, rushed into details, and sawed away all doubt from their minds.

The sum was this. Dodd's general performance was mediocre, but passable; he was plucked for his Logic. Hardie said he was very sorry for it. "What does it matter," answered Kennet: "he is a boating man."

"Well, and I am a boating-man. Why you told me yourself, the other day, poor Dodd was anxious about it on account of his friends. And, by-the-by, that reminds me they say he has got two pretty sisters here."

Says Kennet, briskly, "I'll go and tell him; I know him just to speak to."

"What, doesn't he know?"

"How can he know?" said Kennet, jealously, "the testamurs were only just out as I came away." And with this he started on his congenial errand.

Hardie took two or three of his long strides, and fairly collared him. "You will do nothing of the kind."

"What, not tell a man when he's plowed? That is a good joke."

"No. There's time enough. Tell him after chapel, to-morrow, or in chapel if you must: but why poison his triumphal cup? And his sisters, too, why spoil their pleasure? Hang it all, not a word about 'plowing' to any living soul to-day."

To his surprise, Kennet's face expressed no sympathy, nor even bare assent. At this Hardie lost patience, and burst out impetuously, "Take care how you refuse me; take care how you thwart me in this. He is the best-natured fellow in college. It doesn't matter to you, and it does to him; and if you *do*, then take my name off the list of your acquaintance, for I'll never speak a word to you again in this world; no, not on my death-bed, by Heaven."

The threat was extravagant; but Youth's glowing cheek, and eye, and imperious lip, and simple generosity, made it almost beautiful.

Kennet whined, "Oh, if you talk like that, there is an end to fair argument."

"End it then, and promise me: upon your honor!"

"Why not? What bosh! There I promise. Now, how do you construe κυμινοπριστης?"

The incongruous dog ("I thank thee, Taff, for teaching me that word") put this query with the severity of an inquisitor bringing back a garrulous prisoner to the point.

Hardie replied gayly, "Any way you like, now you are a good fellow again."

"Come, that is evasive. My tutor says it can not be rendered by any one English word; no more can γαστριμαργος."

"Why, what on earth can he know about English?—γαστριμαργος is a Cormorant: κυμινοπριστης is a Skinflint; and your tutor is a Duffer. Hush! Keep dark now! here he comes." And he went hastily to meet Edward Dodd: and by that means intercepted him on his way to the carriage. "Give me your hand, Dodd," he cried; "you have saved the university. You must be stroke of the eight-oar after me. Let me see more of you than I have, old fellow."

"With all my heart," replied Edward, calmly, but taking the offered hand cordially; though he rather wanted to get away to his mother and sister.

"We will pull together, and read together into the bargain," continued Hardie.

"Read together? You and I? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see I am pretty well up in the higher books; what I have got to rub up is my Divinity and my Logic; especially my Logic. Will you grind Logic with me? Say 'Yes,' for I know you will keep your word."

"It is too good an offer to refuse, Hardie; but now I look at you, you are excited; wonderfully excited; with the race, eh? Now, just—you—wait—quietly—till next week, and then, if you are so soft as to ask me in cool blood—"

"Wait a week?" cried the impetuous youth. "No, not a minute. It is settled. There, we cram Logic together next term."

And he shook Edward's hand again with glistening eyes and an emotion that was quite unintelligible to Edward; but not to the quick, sensitive, spirits, who sat but fifteen yards off.

"You really must excuse me just now," said Edward, and ran to the carriage, and put out both hands to the fair occupants. They kissed him eagerly, with little tender sighs; and it cost them no slight effort not to cry publicly over "the beloved," "the victorious," "the plowed."

Young Hardie stood petrified.

"What? These ladies Dodd's sisters! Why, one of them had called the other mamma. Good Heavens, all his talk in their hearing had been of Dodd: and Kennet and he between them had let out the very thing he wanted to conceal, especially from Dodd's relations. He gazed at them, and turned hot to the very forehead.

Then, not knowing what to do or say, and being after all but a clever boy, not a cool "never unready" man of the world, he slipped away, blushing. Kennet followed, goggling.

Left to herself, Mrs. Dodd would have broken the bad news to Edward at once, and taken the line of consoling him under her own vexation: it would not have been the first time she had played that card. But young Mr. Hardie had said it would be unkind to poison Edward's day, and it is sweet woman's nature to follow suit; so she and Julia put bright faces on, and Edward passed a right jocund afternoon with them; he was not allowed to surprise one of the looks they interchanged to relieve their secret mortification.

But, after dinner, as the time drew near for him to go back to Oxford, Mrs. Dodd became silent, and a little distraite; and at last drew her chair away to a small table, and wrote a letter.

In directing it she turned it purposely, so that Julia could catch the address: "*Edward Dodd, Esq., Exeter College, Oxford.*"

Julia was naturally startled at first, and her eye roved almost comically to and fro the letter and its Destination, seated calm and unconscious of woman's beneficent wiles. But her heart soon divined the mystery; it was to reach him the first thing in the morning, and spare him the pain of writing the news to them; and, doubtless, so worded as not to leave him a day in doubt of their forgiveness and sympathy.

Julia took the missive unobserved by the Destination, and glided out of the room to get it quietly posted.

The servant-girl was waiting on the second-floor lodgers, and told her so, with a significant addition, viz., that the post was in this street, and only a few doors off.

Julia was a little surprised at her coolness, but took the hint with perfect good temper, and just put on her shawl and bonnet, and went with it herself.

The post-office was not quite so near as represented; but she was soon there, for she was eager till she had posted it; but she came back slowly and thoughtfully: here in the street, lighted only by the moon, and an occasional gas-light, there was no need for self-restraint, and soon her mortification betrayed itself in her speaking countenance. And to think that her mother, on whom she doted, should have to write to her son, there present, and post the letter! This made her eyes fill, and before she reached the door of the lodging, they were brimming over.

As she put her foot on the step a timid voice addressed her, in a low tone of supplication. "May I venture to speak one word to you, Miss Dodd?—one single word?"

She looked up surprised; and it was young Mr. Hardie.

His tall figure was bending toward her submissively, and his face, as well as his utterance, betrayed considerable agitation.

And what led to so unusual a rencontre between a young gentleman and lady who had never been introduced,

"The Tender Passion," says a reader of many novels.

Why, yes; the tenderest in all our nature: Wounded vanity.

Naturally proud and sensitive, and inflated by success and flattery, Alfred Hardie had been torturing himself ever since he fled Edward's female relations. He was mortified to the core. He confounded "the fools" (his favorite synonym for his acquaintance) for going and calling Dodd's mother an elder sister, and so not giving him a chance to divine her. And then that he, who prided himself on his discrimination, should take them for ladies of rank, or, at all events, of the highest fashion; and, climax of humiliation, that so great a man as he should go and seem to court them by praising Dodd of Exeter, by enlarging upon Dodd of Exeter, by offering to grind Logic with Dodd of Exeter. Who would believe that this was a coincidence, a mere coincidence? They could not be expected to believe it; female vanity would not let them. He tingled, and was not far from hating the whole family: so bitter a thing is that which I have ventured to dub "The Tenderest Passion."

He itched to ease his irritation by explaining to Edward. Dodd was a frank, good-hearted fellow; he would listen to facts, and convince the ladies in turn. Hardie learned where Dodd's party lodged, and waited about the door to catch him alone; Dodd must be in college by twelve, and would leave Henley before ten. He waited till he was tired of waiting. But at last the door opened; he stepped forward, and out tripped Miss Dodd. "Confound it!" muttered Hardie, and drew back. However, he stood and admired her graceful figure and action, her lady-like speed without bustling. Had she come back at the same pace he would never have ventured to stop her: on such a thread do things hang: but she returned very slowly, hanging her head; her look at him and his headache recurred to him, a look brimful of goodness. She would do as well as Edward, better perhaps. He yielded to impulse, and addressed her, but with all the trepidation of a youth defying the giant Etiquette for the first time in his life.

Julia was a little surprised and fluttered, but did not betray it; she had been taught self-command by example, if not by precept.

"Certainly, Mr. Hardie," said she, with a modest composure a young coquette might have envied under the circumstances.

Hardie had now only to explain himself; but instead of that, he stood looking at her with silent concern; the fair face she raised to him was wet with tears; so were her eyes, and even the glorious eyelashes were fringed with that tender spray; and it glistened in the moonlight.

This sad and pretty sight drove the vain but generous youth's calamity clean out of his head. "Why, you are crying! Miss Dodd, what is the matter? I hope nothing has happened."

Julia turned her head away a little fretfully, with a "No, no!" But soon her natural candor and simplicity prevailed; a simplicity not without dignity; she turned round to him and looked him in the face, "Why should I deny it to you, Sir, who have been good enough to sympathize with us? We *are* mortified, sadly mortified, at dear Edward's disgrace; and it has cost us a struggle not to disobey you, and poison his triumphal cup with sad looks. And mamma had to write to him, and console him against to-morrow: but I hope he will not feel it so severely as she does: and I have just posted it myself, and when I thought of our dear mamma being driven to such expedients, I— Oh!" And the pure young heart, having opened itself by words, must flow a little more.

"Oh, pray don't cry," said young Hardie, tenderly; "don't take such a trifle to heart so; you crying makes me feel guilty for letting it happen. It shall never occur again. If I had only known, it should never have happened at all."

"Once is enough," sighed Julia.

"Indeed you take it too much to heart; it is only out of Oxford a plow is thought much of; especially a single one; that is so very common. You see, Miss Dodd, a university examination consists of several items: neglect but one, and Crichton himself would be plowed; because brilliancy in your other papers is not allowed to count; that is how the most distinguished man of our day got plowed for Smalls; I had a narrow escape, I know, for one. But, Miss Dodd, if you knew how far your brother's performance on the river outweighs a mere slip in the schools, in all university men's eyes, the dons' and all, you would not make this bright day end sadly to Oxford by crying. Why, I could find you a thousand men who would be plowed to-morrow with glory and delight, to win one such race as your brother has won two."

Julia sighed again. But it sounded now half like a sigh of relief; the final sigh, with which the fair consent to be consoled.

And, indeed, this improvement in the music did not escape Hardie; he felt he was on the right tack: he enumerated fluently, and by name, many good men, besides Dean Swift, who had been plowed, yet had cultivated the field of letters in their turn; and, in short, he was so earnest and plausible, that something like a smile hovered about his hearer's lips, and she glanced askant at him with furtive gratitude from under her silky lashes. But soon it recurred to her that this was rather a long interview to accord to "a stranger," and under the moon; so she said a little stiffly, "And was this what you were good enough to wish to say to me, Mr. Hardie?"

"No, Miss Dodd, to be frank, it was not. My motive in addressing you, without the right to take such a freedom, was egotistical. I came here to clear myself; I—I was afraid you must think me a humbug, you know."

"I do not understand you, indeed."

"Well, I feared you and Mrs. Dodd might think I praised Dodd so, and did what little I did for him, knowing who you were, and wishing to curry favor with you by all that; and that is so underhand and paltry a way of going to work, I should despise myself."

"Oh, Mr. Hardie," said the young lady, smiling, "how foolish: why, of course we knew you had no idea."

"Indeed I had not; but how could you know it?"

"Why, we saw it. Do you think we have no eyes? ah, and much keener ones than gentlemen have. It is mamma, and I who are to blame, if any body; we ought to have declared ourselves: it would have been more generous, more manly. But we can not all be gentlemen, you know. It was so sweet to hear Edward praised by one who did not know us; it was like stolen fruit; and by one whom others praise: so if you can forgive us our slyness, there is an end of the matter."

"Forgive you? you have taken a thorn out of my soul."

"Then I am so glad you summoned courage to speak to me without ceremony. Mamma would have done better though; but after all, do not I know her? My mamma is all goodness and intelligence; and be assured, Sir, she does you justice; and is quite sensible of your *disinterested* kindness to dear Edward." With this she was about to retire.

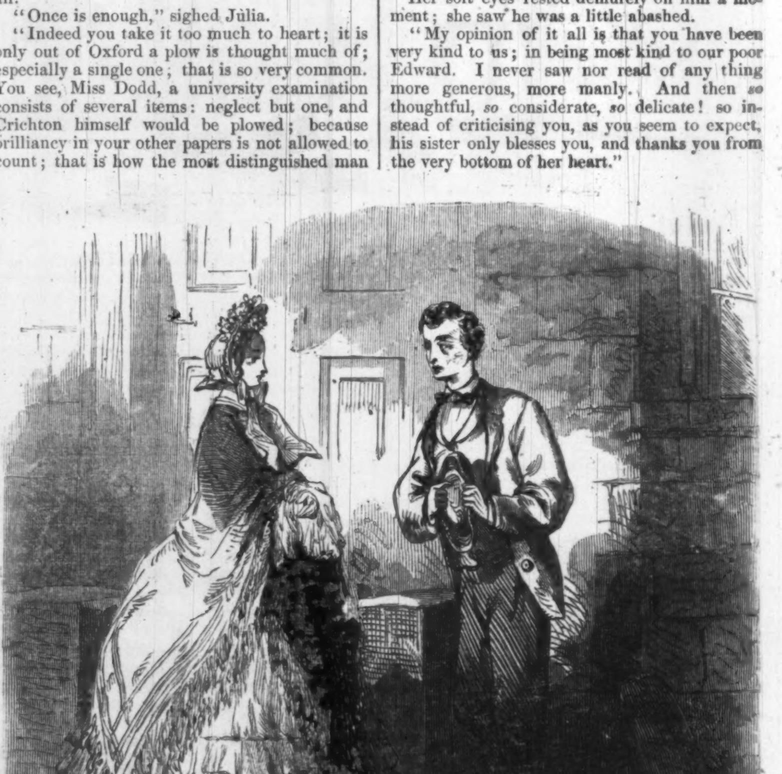
"Ah! But you, Miss Dodd? with whom I have taken this unwarrantable liberty?" said Hardie, imploringly.

"Me, Mr. Hardie? you do me the honor to require my opinion of your performances; including, of course, this self-introduction?"

Hardie hung his head; there was a touch of satire in the lady's voice, he thought.

Her soft eyes rested demurely on him a moment; she saw he was a little abashed.

"My opinion of it all is that you have been very kind to us; in being most kind to our poor Edward. I never saw nor read of any thing more generous, more manly. And then *so* thoughtful, *so* considerate, *so* delicate! so instead of criticising you, as you seem to expect, his sister only blesses you, and thanks you from the very bottom of her heart."



HE ADDRESSED HER WITH ALL THE TREPIDATION OF YOUTH.

She had begun with a polite composure, borrowed from mamma; but, once launched, her ardent nature got the better: her color rose and rose, and her voice sank and sank, and the last words came almost in a whisper, and such a lovely whisper; a gurgle from the heart: and, as she concluded, her delicate hand came sweeping out with a heaven-taught gesture of large and sovereign cordiality that made even the honest words and the divine tones more eloquent. It was too much: the young man, ardent as herself, and not, in reality, half so timorous, caught fire; and seeing a white, eloquent hand rather near him, caught it, and pressed his warm lips on it in mute adoration and gratitude.

At this she was scared and offended. "Oh! keep that for the Queen!" cried she, turning scarlet, and tossing her fair head into the air, like a startled stag, and she drew her hand away quickly and decidedly, though not roughly. He stammered a lowly apology; in the very middle of it she said, softly, "Good-by, Mr. Hardie," and swept, with a gracious little courtesy, through the doorway, leaving him spell-bound.

And so the virginal instinct of self-defense carried her off swiftly and cleverly. But none too soon; for, on entering the house, that external composure her two mothers, Mesdames Dodd and Nature, had taught her, fell from her like a veil, and she fluttered up the stairs to her own room, with hot cheeks, and panted there like some wild thing that has been grasped at and grazed. She felt young Hardie's lips upon the palm of her hand plainly; they seemed to linger there still; it was like light but live velvet. This, and the ardent look he had poured into her eyes, set the young creature quivering. Nobody had looked at her so before, and no young gentleman had imprinted living velvet on her hand. She was alarmed, ashamed, and uneasy. What right had he to look at her like that? What shadow of a right to go and kiss her hand? He could not pretend to think she had put it out to be kissed; ladies put forth the back of the hand for that, not the palm. The truth was he was an impudent fellow, and she hated him now, and herself too, for being so simple as to let him talk to her; mamma would not have been so imprudent when she was a girl.

She would not go down, for she felt there must be something of this kind legibly branded on her face: "O! O! just look at this young lady! She has been letting a young gentleman kiss the palm of her hand; and the feel has not gone off yet: you may see that by her cheeks."

But, then, poor Edward! she must go down

So she put a wet towel to her tell-tale cheeks, and dried them by artistic dabs, avoiding friction, and came down stairs like a mouse, and turned the door-handle noiselessly, and glided into the sitting-room, looking so transparent, conscious, and all on fire with beauty and animation, that even Edward was startled, and, in a whisper, bade his mother observe what a pretty girl she was; "beats all the county girls in a canter."

Mrs. Dodd did look; and, consequently, as soon as ever Edward was gone to Oxford, she said to Julia, "You are feverish, love; you have been excited with all this. You had better go to bed."

Julia complied willingly, for she felt a strange, and, to her, novel inclination; she wanted to be alone and think. She retired to her own room, and went the whole day over again; and was happy and sorry, exalted and uneasy, by turns; and ended by excusing Mr. Hardie's escapade, and throwing the blame on herself. She ought to have been more distant; gentlemen were not expected, nor indeed much wanted, to be modest. A little assurance did not misbecome them. "Really I think it sets them off," said she to herself.

Grand total: "What *must* he think of me?"

Time gallops in reverie: the town clock struck twelve, and with its iron tongue remorse entered her youthful conscience. Was this obeying mamma? Mamma had said, Go to bed: not, "Go up stairs and meditate: upon young gentlemen." She gave an expressive shake of her fair shoulders, like a swan flapping the water off its downy wings, and so dismissed the subject from her mind.

Then she said her prayers.

Then she rose from her knees, and cajoled the imaginary cat out from its theoretical hiding-place. "Puss! puss! pretty puss!"

Thieves and ghosts she did not believe in, yet credited cats under beds, and thought them neither "harmless" nor "necessary" there.

After tenderly evoking the detested and chimerical quadruped, she proceeded none the less to careful research, especially of cupboards. The door of one resisted, and then yielded with a crack, and blew out the candle. "There now," said she.

It was her only light, except her beauty. They allotted each Hebe but one candle in that ancient burgh.

"Well," she thought, "there is moonlight enough to undress by."

She went to draw back one of the curtains. But in the act she started back with a little scream. There was a tall figure over the way watching the house.

The moon shone from her side of the street full on him, and in that instant her quick eye recognized Mr. Hardie.

"Well!" said she aloud, and with an indescribable inflection; and hid herself swiftly in impenetrable gloom.

But, after a while, Eve's daughter must have a peep. She stole with infinite caution to one side of the curtain, and made an aperture just big enough for one bright eye. Yes, there he was, motionless. "I'll tell mamma," said she to him, malignantly, as if the sound could reach him.

Unconscious of the direful threat, he did not budge.

She was unaffectedly puzzled at this phenomenon; and, not being the least vain, fell to wondering whether he played the nightly sentinel opposite every lady's window, who exchanged civilities with him. "Because, if he does, he is a fool," said she, promptly. But on reflection, she felt sure he did nothing of the kind, habitually, for he had too high an opinion of himself; she had noted that trait in him at a very early stage. She satisfied herself, by cautious examination, that he did not know her room. He was making a temple of the whole lodging. "How ridiculous of him!" Yet he appeared to be happy over it; there was an exalted look in his moon-lit face; she seemed now first to see his soul there. She studied his countenance like an inscription, and deciphered each rapt expression that crossed it, and stored them in her memory.

Twice she left her ambuscade, to go to bed: and twice Curiosity, or Something, drew her back. At last, having looked, peered, and peeped till her feet were cold, and her face the reverse, she informed herself that the foolish Thing had tired her out.

"Good-night, Mr. Policeman," said she, pretending to bawl to him. "And, O, do rain! As hard as ever you can." With this benevolent aspiration, a little too violent to be sincere, she laid her cheek on her pillow doughtily.

But her sentinel, when out of sight, had more power to disturb her. She lay and wondered whether he was still there, and what it all meant, and what ever mamma would say; and which of the two, she or he, was the head culprit in this strange performance, to which Earth, she conceived, had seen no parallel; and, above all, what he would do next. Her pulse galloped, and her sleep was broken; and she came down in the morning a little pale. Mrs. Dodd saw it at once, with the quick maternal eye; and moralized: "It is curious; youth is so fond of pleasure; yet pleasure seldom agrees with youth; this little excitement has done your mother good, who is no longer young: but it has been too much for you. I shall be glad to have you back to our quiet home."

Ah! Will that home be as tranquil now?

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

THE truth flashed into the judge's mind. He shaded his face, and did not speak for a minute or two. Then he said, not looking up, a little hoarsely, "This, then, was the shame you told me of long ago."

"Yes," said she.

Both sat quite still, quite silent, for some time. Through the silence a sharp, clear voice was heard speaking through the folding-doors.

"Take the kedgeree down, and tell the cook to keep it hot for the judge. It is so tiresome people coming on business here, as if the judge had not his proper hours for being at Chambers."

He got up hastily, and went into the dining-room; but he had audibly some difficulty in curbing his wife's irritation.

When he came back Ellinor said:

"I am afraid I ought not to have come here now."

"Oh, it's all nonsense!" said he, in a tone of annoyance. "You've done quite right." He seated himself where he had been before, and again half-covered his face with his hand.

"And Dixon knew of this. I believe I must put the fact plainly to you—your father was the guilty person? He murdered Dunster?"

"Yes; if you call it murder. It was done by a blow, in the heat of passion. No one can ever tell how Dunster always irritated papa," said Ellinor, in a stupid, heavy way; and then she sighed.

"How do you know this?" There was a kind of tender reluctance in the judge's voice as he put all these questions. Ellinor had made up her mind beforehand that something like them must be asked, and must also be answered; but she spoke like a sleep-walker.

"I came into papa's room just after he had struck Mr. Dunster the blow. He was lying insensible, as we thought—dead, as he really was."

"What was Dixon's part in it? He must have known a good deal about it. And the horse-lancet that was found with his name upon it?"

"Papa went to wake Dixon, and he brought his fleam—I suppose to try and bleed him. I have said enough, have I not? I seem so confused. But I will answer any question to make it appear that Dixon is innocent."

The judge had been noting all down. He sat still now without replying to her. Then he wrote rapidly, referring to his previous paper from time to time. In five minutes or so he read the facts which Ellinor had stated, as he now arranged them, in a legal and connected form. He just asked her one or two trivial questions as he did so. Then he read it over to her and asked her to sign it. She took up the pen and held it, hesitating.

"This will never be made public?" said she.

"No; I shall take care that no one but the Home Secretary sees it."

"Thank you. I could not help it now it has come to this."

"There are not many men like Dixon," said the judge, almost to himself, as he sealed the paper in an envelope.

"No!" said Ellinor. "I never knew any one so faithful."

And just at the same moment the reflection on a less faithful person that these words might seem to imply struck both of them, and each instinctively glanced at the other.

"Ellinor!" said the judge, after a moment's pause. "We are friends, I hope?"

"Yes, friends," said she, quietly and sadly.

He felt a little chagrined at her answer. Why he could hardly tell. To cover any sign of his feeling he went on talking.

"Where are you living now?"

"At East Chester."

"But you come sometimes to town, don't you? Let us know always—whenever you come; and Lady Corbet shall call on you. Indeed, I wish you'd let me bring her to see you to-day."

"Thank you. I am going straight back to Hellingford; at least as soon as you can get me the pardon for Dixon. There is just one thing more," said she, coloring a little, and hesitating. "This note to you was found under papa's pillow after his death; some of it refers to past things; but I should be glad if you could think as kindly as you can of poor papa. And so—if you will read it—"

He took it and read it, not without emotion. Then he laid it down on his table, and said,

"Poor man! he must have suffered a great deal for that night's work. And you, Ellinor, you have suffered too."

Yes, she had suffered; and he who spoke had been one of the instruments of her suffering, although he seemed forgetful of it. She shook her head a little for reply. Then she looked up at him—they were both standing at the time—and said,

"I think I shall be happier now. I always knew it must be found out. Once more, good-by, and thank you. I may take this letter, I suppose?" said she, casting envious, loving eyes at her father's note, lying unregarded on the table.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said he; and then he took her hand. He held it while he looked into her face. He had thought it changed when he had first seen her, but it was now almost the same to him as of yore. The sweet, shy eyes, the indicated dimple in the cheek, and something of fever had brought a faint pink flush into her usually colorless cheeks. Married judge though he was, he was not sure if she had not more charms for him still, in her sorrow and her shabbiness, than the handsome, stately wife in the next room, whose looks had not been of the pleasantest when he had left her a few minutes before. He sighed a little regretfully as Ellinor went away. He had obtained the position he had struggled for and sacrificed for; but now he could not help wishing that the slaughtered creature laid on the shrine of his ambition were alive again.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN Ellinor reached Mr. Johnson's house in Hellingford that afternoon she found Miss Monro was there, and that she had been with much difficulty restrained by Mr. Johnson from following Ellinor to London.

Miss Monro fondled and purred inarticulately through her tears over her recovered darling before she could speak intelligibly enough to tell her that Canon Livingstone had come straight to see her immediately on his return to East Chester, and had suggested her journey to Hellingford in order that she might be of all the comfort she could to Ellinor. She did not at first let out that he had accompanied her to Hellingford; she was a little afraid of Ellinor's displeasure at his being there; Ellinor had always objected so much to any advance to intimacy with him that Miss Monro had wished to make. But Ellinor was different now.

"How white you are, Nelly!" said Miss Monro. "You have been traveling too much and too fast, my child."

"My head aches," said Ellinor, wearily. "But I must go to the castle and tell my poor Dixon that he is reprieved—I am so tired! Will you ask Mr. Johnson to get me leave to see him? He will know all about it."

She threw herself down on the bed in the spare room—the bed with the heavy blue curtains. After an unheeded remonstrance Miss Monro went to do her bidding. But it was now late afternoon, and Mr. Johnson said that it would be impossible for him to get permission from the sheriff that night.

"Besides," said he, courteously, "one scarcely knows whether Miss Wilkins may not give the old man false hopes—whether she has not been excited to have false hopes herself. It might be a cruel kindness to let her see him without more legal certainty as to what his sentence or reprieve is to be. By to-morrow morning, if I have properly understood her story, which was a little confused—"

"She is so dreadfully tired, poor creature!" put in Miss Monro, who never could bear the shadow of a suspicion that Ellinor was not wisest, best, in all relations and situations of life.

Mr. Johnson went on, with a deprecatory bow: "Well, then—it really is the only course open to her besides—persuade her to rest for this evening. By to-morrow morning I will have obtained the sheriff's leave, and he will most likely have heard from London."

"Thank you! I believe that will be best."

"It is the only course," said he.

When Miss Monro returned to the bedroom Ellinor was in a heavy, feverish slumber: so feverish and so uneasy did she appear, that, after the hesitation of a moment or two, Miss Monro had no scruple in wakening her.

But she did not appear to understand the answer to her request; she did not seem even to remember that she had made any request.

The journey to England, the misery, the surprises, had been too much for her. The morrow morning came, bringing the formal free pardon for Abraham Dixon. The sheriff's order for her admission to see the old man lay awaiting her wish to use it. But she knew nothing of all this.

For days, nay, weeks, she hovered between life and death, tended, as of old, by Miss Monro, while good Mrs. Johnson was ever willing to assist.

One summer evening in early June she wakened into memory.

Miss Monro heard the faint piping voice, as she kept her watch by the bedside.

"Where is Dixon?" asked she.

"At the canon's house at Bromham." This was the name of Canon Livingstone's country parish.

"Why?"

"We thought it better to get him into country air and fresh scenes at once."

"How is he?"

"Much better. Get strong, and he shall come to see you."

"You are sure all is right?" said Ellinor.

"Sure, my dear. All is quite right."

Then Ellinor went to sleep again out of very weakness and weariness.

From that time she recovered pretty steadily. Her great desire was to return to East Chester as soon as possible. The associations of grief, anxiety, and coming illness connected with Hellingford made her wish to be once again in the solemn, quiet, sunny Close of East Chester.

Canon Livingstone came over to assist Miss Monro in managing the journey with her invalid. But he did not intrude himself upon Ellinor, any more than he had done in coming from home.

The morning after her return Miss Monro said,

"Do you feel strong enough to see Dixon?"

"Yes. Is he here?"

"He is at the canon's house. He sent for him from Bromham, in order that he might be ready for you to see him when you wished."

"Please let him come directly," said Ellinor, flushing and trembling.

She went to the door to meet the tottering old man; she led him to the easy-chair that had been placed and arranged for herself; she knelt down before him, and put his hands on her head—he trembling and shaking all the while.

"Forgive me all the shame and misery, Dixon. Say you forgive me; and give me your blessing. And then let never a word of the terrible past be spoken between us."

"It's not for me to forgive you as never did harm to no one."

"But say you do—it will ease my heart."

"I forgive thee!" said he. And then he raised himself to his feet with effort, and standing up above her he blessed her solemnly.

After that he sat down, she by him, gazing at him.

"Yon's a good man, missy," said he, at length, lifting his slow eyes and looking at her. "Better nor t'other ever was."

"He is a good man," said Ellinor.

But no more was spoken on the subject. The next day Canon Livingstone made his formal call. Ellinor would fain have kept Miss Monro in the room, but that worthy lady knew better than to stop.

They went on, forcing talk on indifferent subjects. At last he could speak no longer on every thing but that which he had most at heart. "Miss Wilkins!" (he had got up and was standing by the mantle-piece apparently examining the ornaments upon it)—"Miss Wilkins! is there any chance of your giving me a favorable answer now—you know what I mean—what we spoke about at the Great Western Hotel that day?"

Ellinor hung her head.

"You know that I was once engaged before?"

"Yes! I know—to Mr. Corbet: he that is now the judge. You can not suppose that would make any difference—if that is all. I have loved you, and you only, ever since we met eighteen years ago—Miss Wilkins—Ellinor—put me out of suspense."

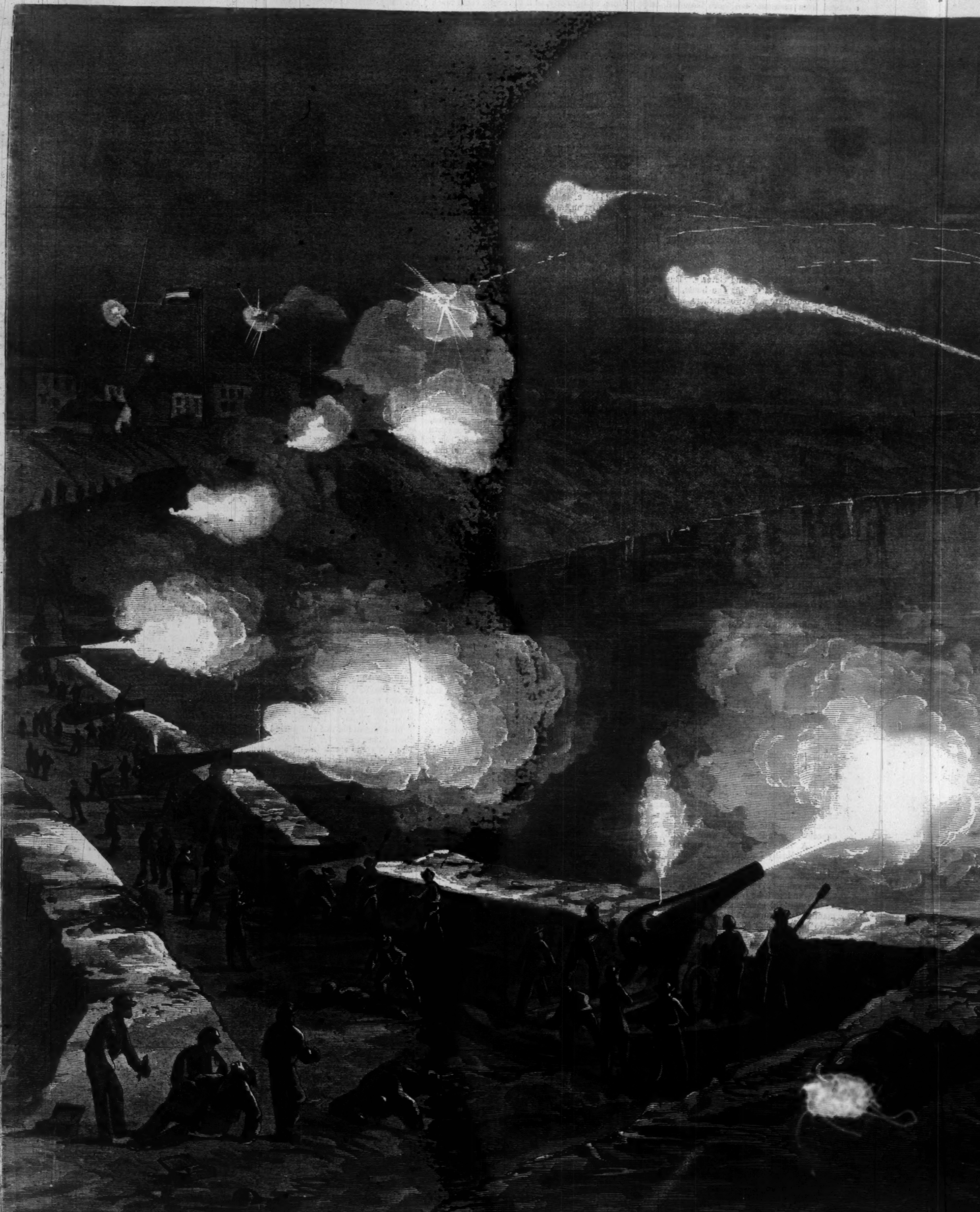
"I will!" said she, putting out her thin white hand for him to take and kiss, almost with tears of gratitude, but she seemed frightened at his impetuosity, and tried to check him. "Wait—you have not heard all—my poor, poor father, in a fit of anger, irritated beyond his bearing, struck the blow that killed Mr. Dunster—Dixon and I knew of it just after the blow was struck—we helped to hide it—we kept the secret—my poor father died of sorrow and remorse—you now know all—can you still love me? It seems to me as if I had been an accomplice in such a terrible thing!"

"Poor, poor Ellinor!" said he, now taking her in his arms as to a shelter. "How I wish I had known of all this years and years ago; I could have stood between you and so much!"

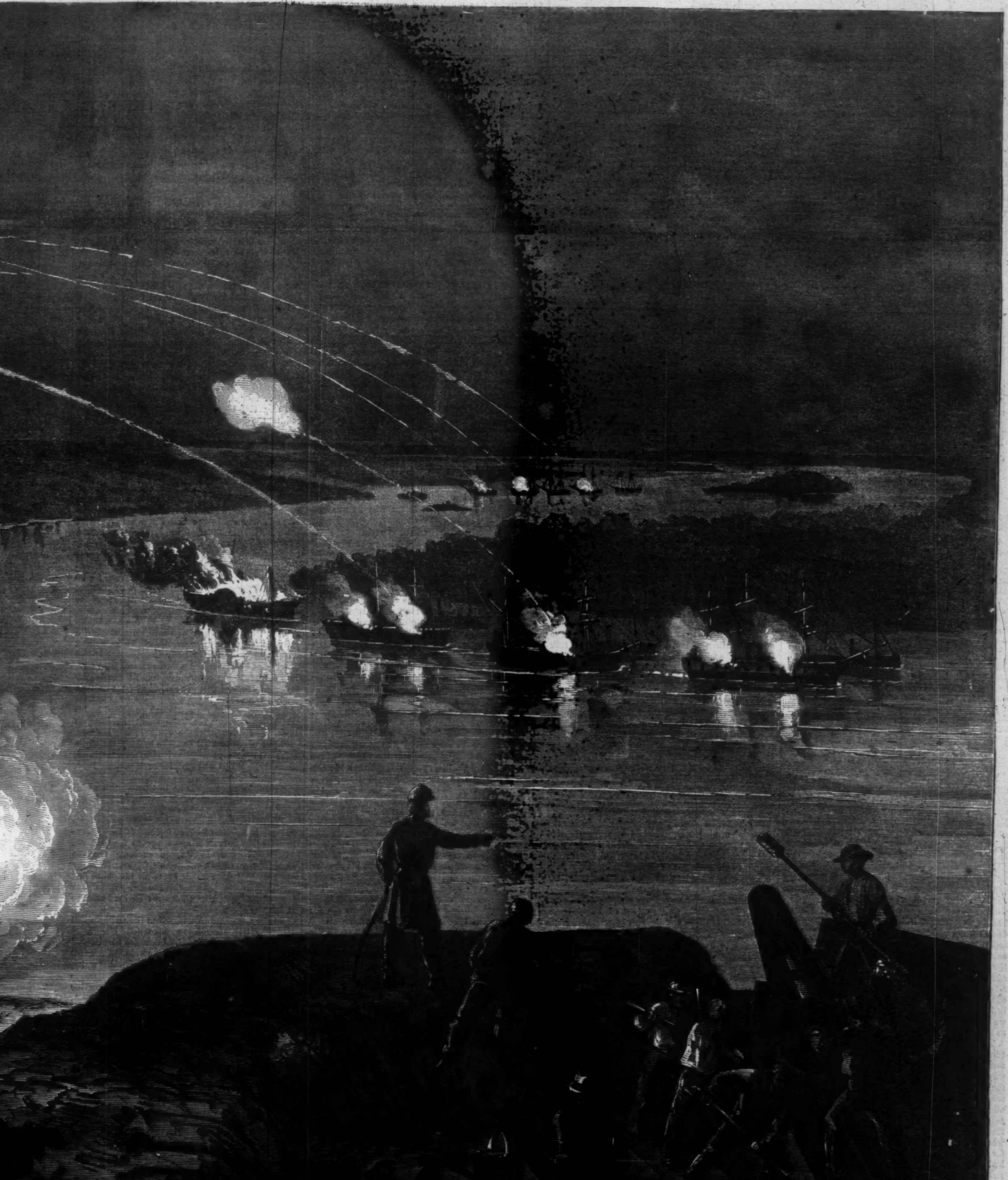
Those who pass through the village of Bromham, and pause to look over the laurel-hedge that separates the Rectory garden from the road, may often see on summer days an old, old man sitting in a wicker-chair out upon the lawn. He leans upon his stick, and seldom raises his bent head; but for all that his eyes are on a level with the two little fairy children who come to him in all their small joys and sorrows, and who learn to lisp his name, almost as soon as they do that of their father and mother.

Nor is Miss Monro often absent; and although she prefers to retain the old house in the Close for winter-quarters, she generally makes her way across to Canon Livingstone's residence every evening.

THE END.

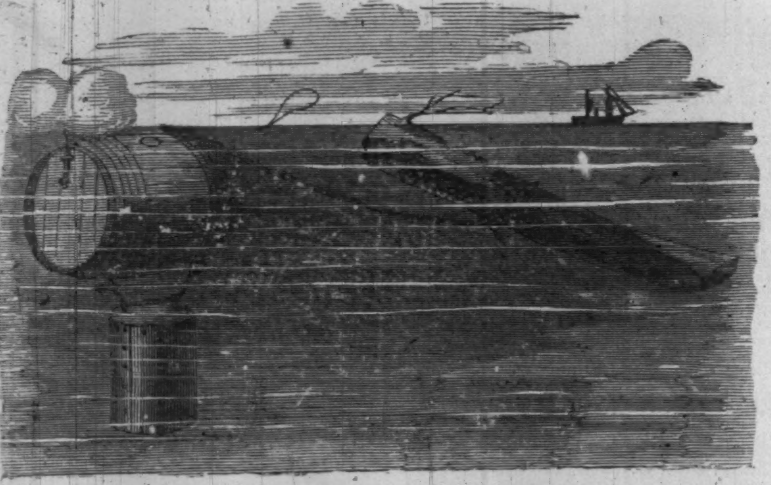


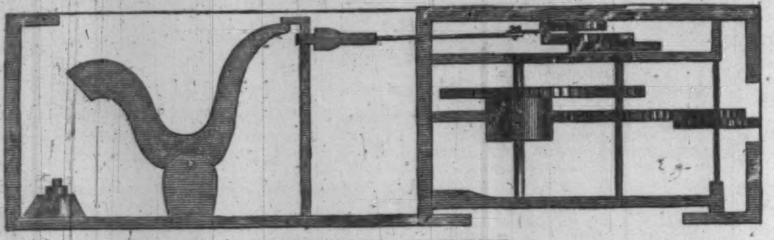
BOMBARDMENT OF PORT HUDSON BY ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET, M.



T, MARCH 14-15, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. Hamilton.—[See Page 254.]

SECTIONAL VIEW OF A TORPEDO FOUND IN THE MISSISSIPPI BY THE GUN-BOAT "ESSEX."





INTERIOR OF THE CLOCK-WORK.

A NEW TORPEDO.

We publish on this page a picture of a new Torpedo lately picked up in the Mississippi by the *Essex*. The New Orleans *Era* thus describes it:

> We have before noticed the fact that the iron-clad *Essex* has been engaged in picking up torpedoes and other civilized inventions for blowing up our gun-boats in the Mississippi. We have information that another of these infernal machines has just been discovered and safely taken out of the water above Baton Rouge.
>
> This torpedo is said to have been quite different from any of the others taken up. It was made to drift with the current, and was attached to a log, with a bale of cotton placed in a conspicuous position, for the supposed purpose of attracting the attention of the gun-boats. It was so contrived that it would, on being touched, explode by means of machinery, something similar to the works of a clock. A hammer was fixed to strike the fuse, setting fire to the powder, of which there was about 250 pounds.
>
> This torpedo is now on board of one of our war vessels, where it is an object of curiosity, not unmixed with contempt, to our sailors, who do not recognize it as at all in the regular line of fair stand-up, give-and-take naval fighting.

STEALING A MARCH.

Stretched at full length before the most magnificent of all the fires, with a pleasant sense of warmth diffusing itself from the soles of the feet along the whole person, a party of us (the First New Jersey Cavalry) lay with a lazy enjoyment of the heat, and a feeling of satisfaction with our supper. Each was drawing upon his pipe, and exhaling a cloud of fragrant smoke, except the chief proprietor of the establishment, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. I do not think that there can be found a pleasanter fellow for a companion during the long evening lounge around a camp-fire than B——. Though never out of the United States, he has been, Hibernianly speaking, a great deal in them, and has anecdotes associated with almost every place which becomes prominent in connection with the present war. But what I enjoy the most is to set him talking about some of his adventures since he has been with us, and extract all those details which are not obtainable in a second-hand report. As he seems to enjoy the revival in his memory of these former scenes as much as we do to whom they are fresh, it is no difficult task to start him on a narration.

The talk began by some remark upon the character of the country around us, which our regiment had scouted in the spring preceding. There was a little difference of opinion about the bend in the river, and whether our picket line there might not be improved. Captain G—— thought that it might, and appealed to the Colonel. "I think not," was the reply. "I had to study the shore there pretty closely last spring to find a place where I could cross, and the pickets now cover, as far as possible, every practicable ferry. Unless we had more men I could not suggest any improvement."

"Why," said L——, "what were you looking for a crossing here for? W—— never meant to take Richmond on his own hook, just as he went at Jackson's army afterward at Harrisonburg, did he?"

"No; this was a little affair of my own, when we bagged a party of rebel couriers and brought in some horses—among others that nice pair of Bailey Peyton mares that I had last summer."

"I remember hearing something about that when I rejoined near Seddon's; but we were all off on detached service just then, and I never heard the particulars of the affair, nor knew where it took place. How did you manage to get to them without their taking wing?"

"It is rather a long story for a man to tell about himself," responded B——.

"No matter," I put in; "we are all smokers, and will be very grateful if you will take our share of the talk out of our mouths. So begin at the beginning, and we will take the story, as an artist might now take you, at full length." The Colonel stretched himself into a comfortable position, and began:

"You all know how the contrabands began to flock in to us as soon as we came down from Falmouth to Port Conway. It was a sort of second Exodus, slightly differing from the first, especially as to color and smell. They managed to get to us, not only from down the neck, but also from across the river—one party bringing in valuable horses, and the others tolerably good information. So we welcomed them all, and sent them on toward the North Pole rejoicing. One of the fellows from the other side, Humphrey, who was with Colonel W—— for some time afterward, seemed to have come off rather against his will. I got into a talk with him, and found out that his master lived about ten or twelve miles back from the river. He might have been staying there to this time, perhaps, if the neighbors had not taken the alarm at losing so many of their servants. They had arranged with the rebel general, therefore, to assemble themselves and bring all their slaves to a certain place, where a small cavalry post had been established. The general was to send a force to guard them until they got within his lines, when they were to be taken to work on the Richmond fortifications, or else sold South. This kind of plan always gets wind in some way, and many of the negroes took the alarm. Among others Humphrey very sensibly concluded that, if he had to leave home, he would prefer himself to decide the direction of his journey; and he consequently stole off by night, escaping across the river to us. Now his casual allusion to this post stuck fast in my mind, and I managed to make him describe it to me. From what he said I judged that it did not connect with any others in the neighborhood, but was there merely for purposes of observation. So it was just possible that I might steal upon them, catch most of them, and be back before there could be time for a force to come down upon us in turn. I began to hunger after the capture, and asked Humphrey whether he could guide a party through the country at night to the house where they staid. The darkey's face lit up with unexpected intelligence and animation at the question; and when he declared not only his ability but his willingness to do so, I felt that I could rely on him. I went straight up to the house and spoke to the Colonel. It was when head-quarters were at Powhatan Hill. I believe that W—— was sorry that he was not a captain instead of regimental commander. If he had been he would certainly have tried to take the affair out of my hands. As it was, he gave me plenty of counsel and warning, but consented to my taking a party of volunteers and crossing the river that night. It rained hard enough at nightfall to quell the courage of a good many of those who were willing enough in the afternoon; and I thought it darker than it had ever seemed before as our little party stole quietly out of camp before *tattoo*, and felt our way down to the river. In a leaky boat, two at a time, we managed to cross, the noise of the skiff in the water sounding to our ears all the time as if it must be audible at least five miles; and just as *taps* blew, dismissing the rest of the regiment to bed, we started to leave it, perhaps forever. We had, of course, left spurs and sabres behind on such an expedition; but all of my men had their revolvers and carbines. We were seventeen whites, and had three negroes as guides. Humphrey led the advance, I following immediately, and only keeping him in sight from his wearing a light-colored linsey coat. How it happened that some of the men did not get lost in the darkness I can not understand; for I did not hear a whisper sometimes for miles together, and only rarely the splash of a footfall in a puddle, indicating that the boys were keeping closely in my rear. I believe that, with their present recklessness, some of them would have straggled; but danger was then new to them, and they were nervously alive to every risk. As we were plodding along through heavy fields, over plantation-roads, and across by-paths, feeling very anxiously and to a slight degree scared—at least I did—the party whom we were going to surprise was much more agreeably occupied. They were all young men of the neighborhood, who had gone in a body from a local cavalry company into the Confederate service. So they were rather petted and made much of by the families around, especially by the young ladies. The sergeant had been particularly attracted by a daughter of Dr. Golding, the gentleman at whose place the party was posted; but whether that was the cause or the effect of his selecting that locality I am unable to tell. The afternoon of our march he had told the young lady that he was going to ride down and take a look at the Yankees, laughingly making her commandant of the post during his absence. She assumed *at least all* the authority appropriate to the dignity, commanding him to report at a certain hour, or suffer the pains and penalties due to disobedience. The delinquent sergeant was half an hour behind his time. After enduring a severe reprimand he was placed in arrest and close confinement within the parlor, and sentenced to suffer whist, singing, and supper until the proper authority should permit his release. His imprisonment was lightened, however, by the society of the lady herself, her friends, and a select detail from his squad. In spite of the storm without, all was bright and gay within; and a good many small jokes were made about the Yankees, ten miles off across the river. At last, as the hands of the clock drew round toward twelve, the merry party broke up, the last words of Miss Golding being a jocular warning to take care or the Yankees would catch them. It was answered by a defiant laugh, and the sergeant retired with his men to their quarters in an adjoining office. There was a formal watch kept; but, at such a distance from the enemy, the young men had grown very careless. A man was placed on a hill a little distance off, another outside the house itself, and their horses were picketed somewhere within their reach. On this occasion the pleasure of the evening probably made the reliefs oblivious of their duty, and that at the very critical moment. Certain it is that the guard outside the door came in and lay down without any one taking his place, and the outpost, after staying beyond his hour, came in to see why he was not relieved.

"Now, having described the situation of the enemy, I shall go back to the history of my own party. We had left camp at about eight o'clock, and hour after hour marched slowly on under the guidance of the negroes, unable ourselves to tell the direction in which we were traveling. We became more and more cautious and watchful as we advanced, though we had not heard a sound of life around us. Suddenly the guide stopped, taking a crouching attitude. We all found ourselves involuntarily doing the same, though I suppose each was half unconscious that his neighbor was doing so. Presently I could hear footsteps advancing along the path. As we did not wish to meet any one, we of course stole aside as noiselessly as possible, and yielded the right of way. There were about half a dozen persons in the party, but I could not tell whether they were negroes or a patrol. Whoever they were we escaped their notice, and at once resumed our course. At last we emerged from a wooded hollow, and saw the vague outline of a building in a little denser black than the sky behind it. 'All in dar,' whispered Humphrey, pointing to a particular part of the house. 'Is there any fence or hedge between here and there?' I inquired, 'or is the track clear?' 'Right up dar, straight up, maussa,' he responded, so excited that I believe he did not comprehend the question. 'Does the door open into a room or into a passage?' was my next question. 'Right in dar, maussa; you jump right on 'em,' was his answer, as he kept still pointing to the place. So I posted my men, and then my orderly and I headed two parties in a rush for the opposite sides of the building. Just as I had got to the top of my speed I felt a violent blow upon my chest which almost staggered me. I put out my hand and touched a picket fence. With one leap I was over it, and at the door. My men were delayed by trying to climb the fence slowly. Just as I touched the door it was opened from within, and I was face to face with a gray back. Before I could even say *Surrender!* he had sprung back, run along the passage, and dashed through a side door. For a moment I was bewildered by finding the passage where I expected the room, but recovering myself I followed in time to see him making for a pile of arms. 'Surrender!' shouted I; and without my really meaning it my pistol went off. He spun round, saying, 'You have shot me, Sir;' but I did not have time to attend to him, for all around the room were his comrades lying down. I sprang at the nearest, had my knee on him, my breast on another, and my pistol at the head of a third at the same instant. Just then my men got round to the window, and seeing me apparently struggling with numbers, let fly a couple of shots. Unfortunately both were fatal, one man being killed, and another mortally wounded. My man only had a bullet through his arm. Of course the rebels immediately surrendered, and we found that the party consisted of seven. The wounded man was a nephew of Dr. Golding, and had been one of the party in the parlor. I immediately sent a message to Dr. Golding requesting him to come and attend upon his wounded nephew. At the same moment a series of most piercing shrieks rang out from the main building, each woman doing screaming enough for six. I sent a second envoy to the Doctor, informing him that if he did not come at once I should have to bring him, together with a polite request for the cessation of that very loud and disagreeable noise. Both messages were effectual. We had the arm of the slightly wounded prisoner dressed at once; and while some of my men found and saddled the horses of the party, the rest of us assisted in ministering to young Broadus, who, as a short inspection proved, was dying. It was the first time that we had looked upon the results of our work, and it made us very melancholy to contemplate the agony of that fine young fellow. Some of my men almost cried. But we did not have time to yield to any sentiments of pity or sorrow. We were ten miles from the river, with an active enemy not so very far off. So, guarding our five prisoners, and bringing off their five horses, we started on our return along the self-same road. We moved, though, much faster on the way back, the cause of which you may perhaps comprehend; and as we mounted the hill commanding the river we heard the cheerful notes of our bugles sounding out réveille. There in the clear dawn we could catch sight of some of our men waiting anxiously by the boat. It soon came across to us, and swimming the horses, we made our way into camp, feeling very proud of our expedition and its fruits.—And now, who is going with me to visit the pickets?"

LADY COURTHOPE'S TRAP.

"There is a storm gathering yonder over the Beacon Hill; the air is heavy with thunder. Surely, Richard, it were better even now to let your journey rest until to-morrow."

The tall, bronzed knight, standing booted and spurred, with his hand upon his horse's mane, turned to look with a merry smile in the fair, anxious face of the lady by his side.

"And if the storm should come, do you think, my sweet wife, that Dick Courthope has never ridden through wind and rain before, or that, for fear of a wetting, I could break my pledge to meet Philip Orme this night in Chester? No, no. Only let me find you watching for me here at noon to-morrow, with those same pink cheeks and bright eyes, and I shall reck little whether I ride in sunshine or in shower. So now, dear one, farewell! and may God bless you!" and springing into the saddle, the good knight waved a last adieu, and trotted away down the long avenue.

His young wife's blue eyes followed his retreating figure with a wistful gaze until he halted at the great iron gates, and passing through, was hidden from her view; then slowly turning, she remounted the stone steps that led up to the door of Ashurst Manor-house. The gloomy red-brick walls seemed to frown upon her as she entered, the stained-glass window in the hall threw a purple tint upon her face, and made it almost ghastly, and the oak floor gave back a hollow echo to her tread. Just then a door at the further end of the hall was softly opened, and Marston, the old butler, advanced toward her. Old he was in service, for he had lived for more than thirty years at Ashurst Manor, at first the page and play-fellow, then the confidential servant and the friend of his master, Sir Richard; yet not old in years, for he was under fifty, his black hair was still untouched with gray, and there were few wrinkles in his hard, keen face. He stopped near Lady Courthope, glanced quickly at her, hesitated a moment, and then said, in a respectful but constrained tone: "Surely, my lady, Sir Richard will not ride to Chester on such a day as this?"

The lady looked up as though surprised at his addressing her. "Yes," she said, "he has just started. He laughs at the weather; but I—"

"There will be little cause to laugh if the storm comes, if the river is swollen!" Marston exclaimed, abruptly. "You will see him back yet, my lady, ere night."

"Nay, he must needs be in Chester this evening," Lady Courthope made answer, as, stifling a sigh, she passed on to the drawing-room.

The butler looked after her. "She would have us believe she cares for him, forsooth! He believes it. He has only eyes and thoughts for her; old friends, old times, are all forgotten now. Once he would have told me about this Chester journey; but now that waxen doll hears all his plans, and hardly deigns to speak of them to me. But I have learned all I cared to know—Sir Richard *must* be in Chester this night."

In the long, low drawing-room the twilight had already set in, though it was but four o'clock on a November afternoon; the huge fire had burned low, and the heap of glowing fagots shed a weird light on the mirrors and pictures on the walls, while the high-backed chairs and carved tables cast strange, uncouth shadows all around, as the lady made her way to the cushioned window-seat, and gazed out on the stormy sky. "He rides fast; his horse is sure-footed; the distance is not great," she murmured to herself. "Why is this dread upon me, this terrible foreboding of some coming evil?" She looked back into the darkening room, and started as a half-burned log fell with a crash upon the hearth. A longing came over her to hear again her husband's blithe voice, to see his fond glance, to have him there beside her; and then gradually her thoughts wandered away from this sombre old mansion to another, far away at Kensington, alive with gay young voices, smiling faces, and where her voice, her face had, only eight months since, been the gayest and the brightest; for she had been a cherished daughter of that house until Sir Richard Courthope wooed and won her, and brought her here to be the mistress of his Cheshire home. Tenderly she recalled the young brothers and sisters, the loving parents of her happy maiden days, and wondered if they yet missed her, and might perhaps be speaking of her even then; till all at once her fancy took another turn, and she felt as though her fond remembrances were treason to the absent husband, who was far dearer to her than any of that merry party. She would shake off this strange sadness which had crept upon her. With a sudden impulse she sprang up, stirred the glowing embers into a blaze, and sitting down beside her harpsichord, began a low, soft air; then her mood changed, and the full notes of some martial tune rang out into the room. Once she paused when Marston entered, bearing the tall, silver candlesticks; and as the music died away she heard the beating of the rain against the casement, and the howling of the wind among the trees. A minute she listened, then her fingers touched the keys again. "The storm has come, my lady." It was

Marston who spoke. She had thought him gone, but he was standing close behind her chair. "Sir Richard can never pass Craven Ford to-night," he went on.

"What will he do?" and she looked round with startled eyes.

"He may make for home, but I fear, my lady; an I had your leave, I would ride out to meet him with a lantern. The night is black as pitch, and one false step by the cliff-path would be death." He spoke low, but there was a strange eagerness in his tone and in his face.

"Go, pray, go!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety; "and yet—might you not send Stephen in your stead?" She knew not why she asked that question; she only knew that some vague feeling prompted it.

Marston's face darkened. "He is a stranger to the country, while I have lived here from my childhood. He does not even know the road, while I have ridden along it hundreds of times, by night and day. But be it as you will, my lady."

"Go yourself," she once more repeated; "lose not a moment. Heaven send you may be there before Sir Richard!"

The man turned silently to obey her orders, but as he reached the door he looked round, and for an instant his eye met hers—only for an instant; but there was something in that one glance so peculiar, so sinister, that she almost shuddered. Ere she could recover her first shock, ere she could speak or think, he was gone. What did it mean? She had long known that he bore her no good-will, that he regarded her as an intruder in her husband's house, and that he bitterly resented the stern rebukes, and even threats, with which his master had visited his occasional disrespect to her. She had known this long, but never had his dislike been written so plainly in his face as now. Could he be plotting harm? Should she follow him, and countermand his going? And then again she smiled at her own nameless terrors. For thirty years Marston had served Sir Richard faithfully—surely he would not now be false to him. That cliff-path might indeed be feared, but not the old and trusted servant. So she listened till, in less than half an hour, she heard his horse's hoofs crashing on the gravel road. She did not hear something else; she did not hear his muttered words, as he glanced up at the lighted windows of the drawing-room: "She would have stopped me had she dared, but she can not stop me now. There will be a heavy reckoning this night for the scorn she has made Sir Richard heap upon me;" and his teeth were ground with something like a curse.

Lady Courthope, sitting thoughtfully beside the fire, her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, her hands lying idle in her lap, was left undisturbed, till nearly two hours later Stephen came to tell her supper waited. She asked him as she rose if the storm still raged without. "It has passed, my lady, and the sky is clear." She went to the window and drew aside the curtain. The dark clouds were gone, and in their stead the moon shone bright on wood and hill. Marston's journey would be needless; Sir Richard would be safe now. She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and with a light step went her way to the supper-room.

The evening wore away; the great clock over the stables had long since struck nine, and the hands were nearing ten, when Lady Courthope, throwing a cover over the embroidery which had occupied her since supper, retired to her own chamber for the night. It was a large, lofty room in the west wing of the building, remote from the staircase, and at the further end of a long corridor which opened by side-doors into several unused rooms. But the young bride had chosen it rather than any other, for she knew her husband had lived in it and loved it, and that long ago it had been his mother's room. The high mantle-piece with its curious carvings, the ceiling decorated with strange paintings of nymphs and Cupids, the antique furniture, and the tall canopied bedstead, gave a quaint and sombre aspect to the chamber; but to-night the fire roared and crackled on the hearth, and flashed upon the yellow damask draperies, and the candles burning on the dressing-table lit up every corner. As Lady Courthope entered her maid came forward from a door on the opposite side of the room which led into a small dressing-room.

"Have you been waiting long, Hester?" the lady exclaimed, noting the girl's weary eyes. "You look sadly tired."

"I have but just come in, my lady. Anne and I have been in the work-room all the evening, and 'tis that makes my head ache so."

"Poor girl!" said her mistress, pityingly; "you have been more used to milking cows than stooping over needle-work. But cheer up, Hester, and it will seem more easy in time. Have the others gone to rest?"

"All but Stephen, my lady; I heard him cross the hall just now."

"Tell him he need not keep watch for Sir Richard. He is, I trust, ere now safe in Chester. He must have forded the river while it was yet passable."

"Or if the stream were swollen, my lady, he had but to ride down to the old stone bridge below father's house," the girl said, quietly.

"The bridge? I heard of no bridge!" exclaimed Lady Courthope.

"'Tis by the old priory—a matter of three miles round maybe; but Sir Richard knows it well."

"And Marston had forgotten it," said her mistress, musingly.

"He said nothing of the ford," Hester answered; "he only said that he was going to ride after Sir Richard."

"He has not come back?" Lady Courthope asked, abruptly.

"Oh no, my lady; he told us that if he did not meet Sir Richard he should stay at the Golden Horn till morning."

"I gave him no such leave;" and there was surprise and resentment in Lady Courthope's tone. A long silence followed, while the maid moved softly to and fro, assisting her mistress to undress, till, as she brought the taffeta dressing-gown and velvet slippers, Lady Courthope said, kindly: "That will do; I can brush my own hair for this night. Now go, and sleep off your headache."

The maid lingered a while, but at a second bidding she withdrew, thankful to be released. Lady Courthope followed, to secure the door; then returning, she drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and leaning back in it began to unfasten her shining braids of hair. With her fingers moving dreamily among the golden tresses, as they fell around her lovely face, she sat thinking of many things; she thought of her husband, the husband who seemed yet closer to her heart for that very difference of age which had made many marvel at the marriage; she thought of his tender indulgence toward her faults, of his almost fatherly care, of his sympathy in all her pains and pleasures, and yet of the manly respect and trust with which he treated her—of the perfect confidence which he, the man of forty-five, showed in the wife more than twenty years younger than himself. And then she pictured the coming years, and the time when his hair should be white, and his now upright figure bent; and when she in turn should show her love and gratitude by her unwearied care—when she should forestall his every wish, and make his declining age so happy that he should never regret his youth; and when too—and her cheek flushed at the thought—young children, bearing in their faces a mingled likeness to them both, might perchance be about them, making the house, so quiet now, ring with laughter from morn to night; and as that picture rose before her she yearned to lay her head upon her husband's breast and whisper it to him.

It was so strange to be here, far from him. If she could but leave this lonely, silent room, and mount her horse, and gallop through the darkness to that inn at Chester. That vague dread was coming back to her again. The fire was dying down, the room seemed darker, and a cold chill crept over her frame. The dread grew. The ivory brush upon her knee slid down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor. She stooped hastily to reach it; but as she raised her face, all veiled by her long drooping hair, she saw, away by the window in the furthest corner of the room, a bony hand grasping the fringed edge of the damask curtain, and a white, eager face peering from behind it, intently watching her. One instant and the curtain fell to again softly, silently, and that face was gone. But she had seen it, and she knew it. Not six hours ago that same look of hatred and revenge had been turned upon her, and with a sickening heart she recognized the fierce eyes, the lowering brows, and knew at last what that look meant. She did not start or cry. Her pulses throbbed wildly, her very blood was chilled; but she sat on, calmly, quietly. She had trembled at the bare thought of peril to her husband; but now in her own fearful danger she was brave and steadfast. Her icy hands still toyed with her bright hair, her eyes were bent vacantly upon the dying embers, and there was no outward sign of the tumult within; and yet she knew and understood all. Marston was there close by her. His night-journey had been but a feint to hide his deadly purpose and to screen himself. He had stolen back in the darkness, and hidden there to wait for her, and—murder her. And he might murder her. Here alone in this locked room, how could she escape him? If she fled, if she could even gain the gallery outside, it would avail her little. Long, long before she could pass those deserted rooms, before her voice could summon any to her aid, he would be upon her, his fingers at her throat. And then there came across her a strange memory of how one summer day she had seen him standing on the garden terrace twisting in his hands a piece of rope—how he had wound it round and round until the strained fibres were stiff and rigid, and how then his iron fingers had been bent for one more effort, and when the last turn was given the rope was left hanging idly on his arm. A strange thing to recall at such a time as this; stranger still that she should almost shudder in recalling it. What, if rising from her chair, she were to go straight to that window, and drawing back the curtain, confront him there, and in her husband's, in his master's name, appeal to him for pity? Ah no; that name from her lips would but inflame his jealousy and hate. She raised her eyes, and they rested on something bright and glittering, something which just then almost seemed a friend; for there above the chimney-piece, within reach of her hand, hung her husband's rapier. She might seize it, and with one wild dash stab her enemy ere he could free himself from those concealing folds; but her woman's soul shrank from that deed even in this her dire extremity. In that upward glance another thought had come into her mind—her dressing-room! The door stood open, not ten paces from her. Once locked in there—but, alas! there was neither bolt nor bar, and the key turned on the outside. Her heart almost sank within her. Already she seemed to hear stealthy steps upon the floor, behind, around her, to feel hot breath upon her cheek; and still she sat on quietly. Was there no escape for her? Once again her eyes fell on the open door of the dressing-room.

There are moments in life when every power of the mind is unnaturally strained, and when ideas and plans which at another time might be the work of weary hours are formed in one short instant. Such a moment came to Lady Courthope now. As she looked at the dressing-room door and the key on the outside, a scheme flashed across her, bringing back the life-blood to her cheek, sending fresh hope to her heart. If she could but decoy him into that room—decoy him as she has seen birds and dogs decoyed by some tempting bait. She has a bait. He has come for his revenge, but she knows there is another passion strong in him, and that passion is avarice. Often has she seen his eyes brighten at the touch of gold; often has Sir Richard laughingly said that the one fault of his old and faithful servant was the love of money; and now, if through that love she can beguile him *first* to the dressing-room, she may yet be saved. The part before her was hard and perilous, but she could trust herself to play it. She knew that if her nerve once failed her doom was sealed, but the brave young heart did not quail. Slowly and deliberately she fastened up her hair, then rising from her seat threw fresh logs upon the fire, and crossing the room laid her brush upon the dressing-table. Some books were lying there; she took up one of them, turned the leaves carelessly, then throwing it down, exclaimed, in a low tone, "Too tired to read, and yet not tired enough for sleep, I wish the night were over!" She yawned wearily, waited a moment, as though in doubt, then muttering, "By-the-by, those emeralds," took a bunch of keys from the table, and went toward a small ebony cabinet inlaid with silver which stood beside the fire-place. Her voice had not faltered. No tone could have betrayed that she had seen that crouching figure, and that her words were spoken for those listening ears, and now she must constrain her limbs to calm, slow movements, to bear out the deception.

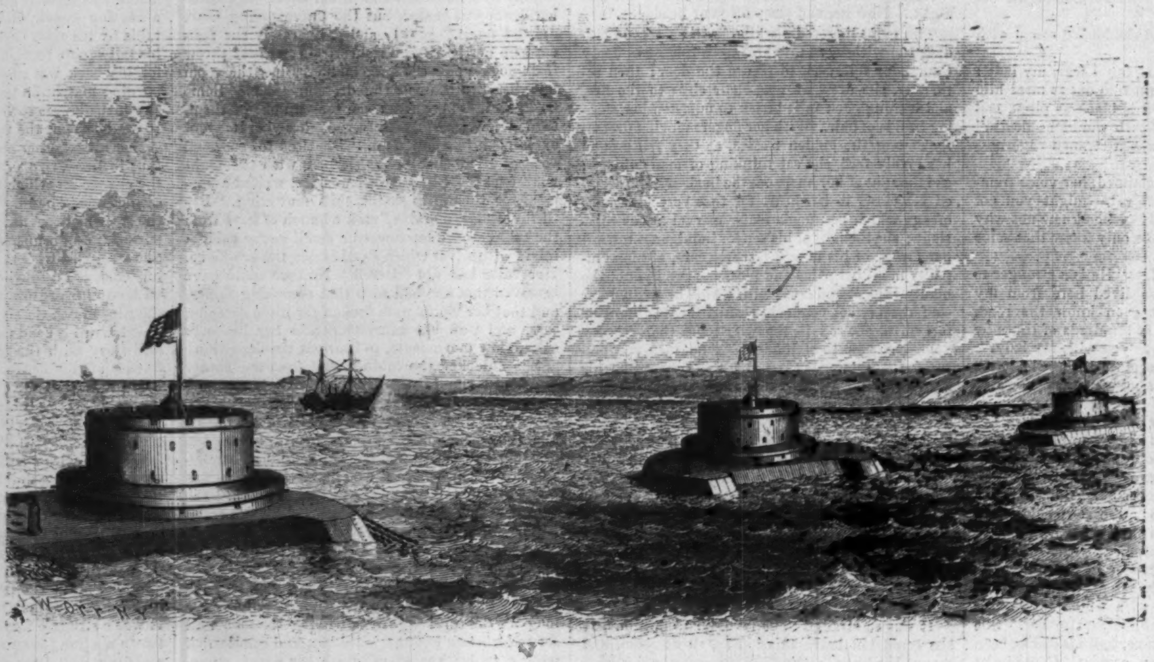
She unlocked the cabinet, and from one corner drew out a small satin-wood box—her jewel-box; laying it on the floor beside her, she stooped to arrange two other boxes which she had displaced, and then fastening the cabinet, returned to the dressing-table and lifted one of the lighted candlesticks. With the box in one hand, the candlestick and keys in the other, she advanced toward the dressing-room door. Just as she reached it a board behind her creaked sharply and suddenly, and her heart stood still. Was he following her, tempted too soon by the costly prize? Was the moment come? No; all was again still and silent as the grave. She went on—on to the further end of the long narrow dressing-room, leaving the door still set wide. She put the jewel-box and candlestick upon a table; she stood where her every movement might be seen from the dark corner where *he* was hiding, and then unfastening the box she laid out the various trays, and spread the glittering trinkets all round her. One by one she lifted them, holding them close to the light, moving them to and fro, so that the precious stones might sparkle in the blaze, and then carefully polishing them put them back. For nearly half an hour she stood trifling now with one, now with another, her fingers busied in rubbing and arranging, her ear strained for any sound, her heart leaping as the flickering candle threw sudden shadows on the walls; and still there was no movement in the dim chamber beyond. She must return there now, for she could stand no longer; her knees would scarcely support her; her strength seemed ebbing, and that forced composure was too terrible to last. For one half instant she paused to gather breath; then, with a weary sigh, she laid aside the bracelet she was holding, and raising her candle moved toward the bedroom. On the threshold she stopped, retreated a step or two, and seemed to hesitate. If she had seen how at that instant the hand behind the curtain was tightening its grasp upon the knife it held, and the crouching form was making ready for a spring—if she had seen this, even her courage might have failed; but she did not see it, and she played out the play. Murmuring in a low, steady tone, "No matter for to-night," she came on into her chamber, leaving the jewels scattered about the table, and the door standing open. And now the trap was set, and she might rest and watch.

Hastily extinguishing the lights, she drew aside the bed-curtains and lay down. There was a strange repose after that long and fearful self-restraint in lying motionless in the fitful fire-light, her aching limbs stretched out, her weary head resting on the pillow—a strange repose, even though *he* was so near her. The minutes passed away, the deep tones of the clock struck out twelve, and still all was quiet, save for the click of the embers on the hearth and the distant baying of the dogs in the court-yard. With closed eyes, drawing deep breath, as though asleep, she lay listening. It seemed as if she had lain there many hours, when at last there was a faint stir in that corner. He was coming out now. She dared not look or move, but she heard—she heard the dull fall of the curtain, the stealthy, cautious footsteps on the floor. Was he going to the dressing-room? No—Heaven help her!—he was coming to her bed. The steps came on, nearer, nearer; something brushed against the bed-clothes, then stopped close beside her. Her eyes were closed, her breath still came softly through her parted lips, but within that statue-like form there was a human soul praying in mortal anguish for pardon for herself and comfort for her widowed husband. A pause—then another slight movement. He was bending over her; his hand was pressing the pillow; then something cold and sharp was lightly laid across her throat. The last pang had come, and she had no power now to move or cry. One moment more, and she would be at peace. But the moment passed, and she still lived. Another moment, and that cold pressure was gone. His breath was no longer on her face, yet he was still there; she felt him stirring; she knew that he was watching her. Long he watched, then, muttering low, "My hand shakes; I'll wait a while," he turned away. She heard him turn, she heard his footsteps slowly receding from the bed, but the sound brought no relief; she was past that; she had felt the death-pangs, and she almost longed that the knife had done its work, and brought her release from that long torture; but the end had not come yet. He was going to the dressing-room. Once, twice he stopped, as though listening, then he went on again; and now he was moving something on the dressing-table. There was a faint rattle, a dead pause, then again that stealthy tread. She strove to open her eyes, but they seemed sealed, and it needed a convulsive effort to unclose them. She *did* unclose them, and she saw him.

The room was very dark now, but by the faint glimmer of the fire she could just discern the doorway of the dressing-room, and the figure standing within it. The trap had taken—the jewels had lured him. He turned his head, and her lids fell instantly, though she lay hidden in the deep shadow of the heavy bedstead. When she looked again he was standing where she had stood an hour ago. There was light in the dressing-room, for he held a blazing match, and a candle burned upon the table by his side. She could see him plainly now, his tall square form, his long arms, but not his face, for his back was toward her. Casting away the burning match, he bent over the table and softly swept the jewels toward him. This was her time. It would be but the work of two minutes for him to gather all together and return to her. She knew that in those two minutes lay her only chance—the chance for which she had so longed. But she seemed spell-bound. That frightful moment when the steel had touched her neck had paralyzed her powers, and an unspeakable horror was upon her. She struggled with that horror; she thought of her husband, of all to whom her life was precious, and with one inward prayer for strength, for courage, she slipped noiselessly on to the floor. He had not heard her; his head was still bent; his fingers were still busy with the jewels. Barefooted, her eyes fixed upon his figure, she stole on, softly groping her way toward the door, past the end of the bed, by the dressing-table; she was close upon it now, her hand was stretched out to grasp the handle—there were but two more steps to take—when her foot struck with a dull sound against an unnoticed stool, and she stumbled. She recovered herself instantly; but faint as the noise was his ear had caught it, and he turned and saw her. For one moment they stood face to face gazing upon each other, then they both made for the door. She was the nearer of the two, and she was there first; she had hold of it; she pushed it to, but ere she could turn the key his fingers were upon the other handle. It was a struggle for life and death—a struggle between a strong man and a desperate woman. It could not last long. Inch by inch the door was yielding to his pressure; when, gathering all her strength for one last effort, with a power beyond her own she forced it home. It closed; the key rattled round in the lock, and with a wild hoarse scream she fell back upon the floor. She was still conscious; she heard him beating on the strong oak panels in his vain fury; she heard his passionate imprecations; and after a while other sounds, too, reached her ear—hurrying feet in the gallery, many voices outside her door. That piercing cry had roused every sleeper in the house, and they were all gathered there now, entreating admittance; she rose, she tottered across the room, and let them in; and as they came around her, gazing horror-stricken at her wild eyes, her blanched lips, she panted out her tale, ever pointing to that inner door; then moaning out, "O husband, save me!" swooned away.

It was still early on the morning of the self-same day when Sir Richard, followed by a groom, galloped up the beech-avenue. The white autumn mist hung like a shroud over the park, the golden leaves fell in showers around him, but he noted them not, as with spur and whip he urged on his flagging steed. His ruddy face was pale as death—his eyes were fixed on the walls of his house, her house—his teeth were set in dread anxiety, for he knew all. They had sent to summon him, and since he left Chester he had not once drawn rein. He was here at last, at his own door; and throwing himself off his exhausted horse, he flung the reins to his servant and sprang up the steps. No wife was there to welcome him. All was still and quiet. Without—the dewy grass, the red sun struggling through the mist, the falling leaves. Within—the dark old hall, the servants sadly watching for him, and low sounds of weeping. He looked from one to another; then his parched tongue slowly formed the words, "Where is she?" They led him to the room where she was lying, but when he knelt beside her, and pressed his quivering lips upon her fevered brow, she only greeted him with a wild laugh, and gazing at him vacantly, began again her miserable rambling talk of emeralds and keys, lonely rooms, and glittering knives. For a while he lingered, looking down upon her haggard face, softly stroking her tangled hair; then, unable to endure it longer, hurried away. They wanted him elsewhere, for Marston was still in the house, and had asked to see him. But Sir Richard shook his head; he dared not trust himself just now near that man; let them carry him away far from his sight. There was nothing fresh to hear, for Marston had already told all—how his first dislike had deepened into deadly hatred; and how, finding that Sir Richard would be absent, he had resolved to wreak his hatred, enrich himself, and flee; how, feigning that night-journey, and leaving his horse some three miles off, he had returned unseen to the house. He had thought to do the deed, and then, escaping with what treasure he might find, be far upon his way to London before the morning broke. His horse was fleet; the servants thought him at Chester; and long before suspicion could have turned upon him he would have been safe. Doggedly and calmly he spoke of all this, and now bade them bring Sir Richard there, to hear what his neglect and harshness had brought about. They carried him bound hand and foot to Chester, where, three months later, dogged and calm as ever, he was sentenced to a life-long exile. Many days went by, and still Sir Richard, ever watching by his wife, met only those vacant eyes, heard only that weary, ceaseless muttering. At length she knew him—at length, when weeks had come and gone, she came from her sick chamber and, leaning on his arm, crept down to the drawing-room. She had last left that room a bright-haired bride, radiant with health and beauty; she entered it again gray-haired and feeble, trembling at every sound, clinging to her husband's arm for protection and support. And when years had passed away, and the roses had returned to her cheeks, the sparkle to her eyes—and when the fair children she had dreamed of, clustering round her knee, looked up into her face, and marveled at those silvery locks, then she would hush them with fond words and tender kisses, but never spoke to them about that night—never again trod that never again entered that room.

THE REVOLVING TOWER APPLIED TO HARBOR DEFENSE.



CORDON OF REVOLVING TOWERS AND CHAINS FOR HARBOR DEFENSE, AS ARRANGED BY MR. TIMBY.

The question of Port and Harbor Defense is of the utmost importance at the present moment. These are the vital points at which we may be assailed by a maritime enemy. With the present means of destruction a single vessel of war once within range of a great city holds it at mercy. The first gun-boat which lay off the levee virtually captured New Orleans; and a single vessel of war in the North or East river could impose its own terms upon New York. Recent events show that ordinary forts are almost powerless to prevent the passage of steamers. The range of casemated guns is so narrow, and their aim is so uncertain, that the chances are that a passing steamer will not be struck. Our fleet passed Forts St. Philip and Jackson almost unharmed, and our Western gun-boats run with impunity the gauntlet of the miles of batteries at Vicksburg.

Indeed, the power of our present fortifications, both offensive and defensive, is altogether inferior to that of the iron-clad vessels, with their heavy ordnance, to which they may be opposed. We must have a system of defense adapted to the present state of offensive warfare, and iron must be the material used. Captain Dahlgren, in his able Report, says: "Whatever may be the material of the interior structure, the exterior must be of iron. Bare masonry should never be exposed to the action of rifled cannon." This conclusion is strikingly verified by what has occurred within the few months since the date of this Report. The heavy guns of the *Montauk*, which brought down the solid rock of the Palisades by the rod, produced no perceptible effect upon the earth-works of Fort M'Allister, whose huge balls also glanced like hailstones from the iron armor and turret of the vessel.

The offensive power of our fortifications must also be largely increased to meet the new state of things. They must be enabled to concentrate a larger fire upon any desired point. The demonstrated success of the principle of the Revolving Tower shows clearly how this is to be done. It is no derogation to the credit justly due to Mr. Ericsson to say that in his application of this principle he has availed himself of only a small part of its capability as proposed by its inventor, Mr. Theodore R. Timby. This gentleman, as was shown at length in an article in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*, invented the Revolving Tower more than twenty years ago, and secured a patent covering the entire principle of the "Revolving Tower for offensive and defensive warfare, whether used on land or water;" and every such turret is built under this patent, and the inventor is paid a royalty upon each. The principle, as developed by Mr. Timby, is indeed capable of still more effective application to stationary than to floating batteries. The illustration at the top of this page presents an external view of such a stationary tower, and the application of a cordon of them to the defense of the harbor of New York. The diagram at the bottom of the page exhibits the interior structure.

The tower is supposed to be of iron, 100 feet in diameter, with 60 guns in two tiers, revolving once in a minute, by means of a steam-engine placed in the foundation upon which the tower rests. It can be of any required thickness. If one foot is not sufficient, it may be two or five, so as to be absolutely impregnable to the heaviest ordnance. The arrangement for sighting and discharging the guns, which is not embodied in the "Monitor" turrets, is really the most important part of the whole invention. This will be clearly understood from the sectional diagram, which represents the tower cut down vertically through the centre, so as to show the interior arrangements.

In the centre, under the dome-shaped roof, is a small turret, which is the commander's station during action. This rests upon a central shaft, which revolves in either direction, independent of the tower itself, by means of a wheel and gearing, under the control of the commander, and not by means of the steam-engine. There is in the roof a narrow opening, through which, by means of a theodolite, or telescope, the commander keeps watch of the enemy. By turning the turret in either direction he keeps the telescope always pointed directly toward the object aimed at. If this moves, he follows it, just as a sharp-shooter with his telescopic rifle follows the course of a moving object until he is ready to fire. Now, as the tower revolves around the turret, each gun is at every revolution for an instant brought directly in a vertical line with the telescope, and if the gun were discharged at this instant the ball would go straight to its mark. Provision is made for doing this with unerring certainty, by means of a galvanic battery, with conducting wires leading to each gun, so arranged that the connection is formed at the instant when gun and telescope are in a line. A micrometer is attached to the telescope, by means of which the commander ascertains the precise distance of the enemy, and a signal to the officer of each gun directs him to elevate or depress the piece so as to secure the proper range. It will be seen that the gunners have nothing to do but to load their pieces, run them to the port-hole, and place the fuse in the vent. The aiming and discharging of the whole battery is done by one presiding mind calmly seated in the watch-tower. And as it has been abundantly shown that a gun can be loaded in one minute, the effective power of one such tower is 60 guns a minute—one every second—delivered with unfailing accuracy upon any point in the whole circle of the horizon within the range of the pieces. A moment's consideration will show that the precision of the aim of each gun in the battery is greater than that of a sharp-shooter with a telescopic rifle, for it does not depend at all upon the firmness of the hand of the marksman, but solely upon the accuracy of his sight and the coolness of his judgment. Moreover, there is an interval—brief it may be, but still an interval—required for pulling the trigger of the rifle; but in the case of the cannon, the discharge being effected by electricity, there is no space of time which we can measure between the aim and the discharge. If a shot from a cannon traveled with the same accuracy as does a rifle-bullet, a man might be picked off with a 15-inch ball as easily as with a rifle-bullet. This perfect accuracy of flight is perhaps not attainable; but assuming the extreme range of a cannon-ball to be two miles, there is no question that a ship could be hit at that distance by every shot.

Having thus a clear idea of the offensive power of a single tower—that is, that it can deliver a shot every second upon any point within the range of its ordnance—we are prepared to consider the value of a cordon of these towers, in conjunction with various auxiliary appliances suggested by Mr. Timby, as designed for the defense of the harbor of New York, and with such modifications as their topography requires, for every other of our ports.

The "Narrows" is of course the point of defense. This passage is about one-third of a mile wide. From each shore a dock is to be built, upon the extremity of which a tower will be placed, reducing the width of the channel to a quarter of a mile. Midway in the channel another tower will be erected upon an artificial foundation. A hostile vessel or fleet seeking to enter the harbor would thus be exposed at every rod of its advance, from the moment when it came within range, to the concentric fire of these three forts, amounting in all to three shots in a second, delivered with unfailing accuracy. As they came up, they would first receive the shots in their bows; when they came opposite the towers, the whole broadsides would be exposed. It is believed that nothing that ever floated could long survive such a fusilade; but if they should succeed in passing, then, as long as they were within range, their sterns would be exposed.

But the plan, as developed by Mr. Timby, and illustrated in the engraving at the head of this page, makes provision for detaining the enemy right under the towers, and with broadside exposed, at point-blank range. A series of massive chains is to be stretched from fort to fort, attached to windlasses moved by the steam-engines in the towers. These chains during peace lie quietly at the bottom of the water, making no obstruction to the passage. But when the approach of an enemy renders it desirable to close the harbor, they are to be drawn up—not "taut," for in that case a great part of their strength would be exhausted in maintaining the tension; but they are to hang swaying in the water at such a height as to prevent the passage of the enemy's vessel. Still further to reduce the strain upon the chains occasioned by their weight, it is proposed to attach to them metallic buoys, leaving their dead weight just sufficient to sink them to the bottom, and causing hardly any strain. Such a cordon of chains would effectually stop the most powerful steamer afloat, leaving her most vulnerable points exposed at short range to a fire of two guns in a second, delivered with perfect accuracy. No vessel ever yet built, capable of navigating the open seas, and thus to be brought to the attack of the harbor of New York, could, we believe, sustain such a fire for a quarter of an hour. It may be still a matter of doubt whether vessels of our "Monitor" class, with scarcely a point vulnerable to shot, could endure it. Nothing can be more certain than that the ponderous mailed ships built by France and England would go down in a few moments under the fire of these towers while detained by the cordon of chains.

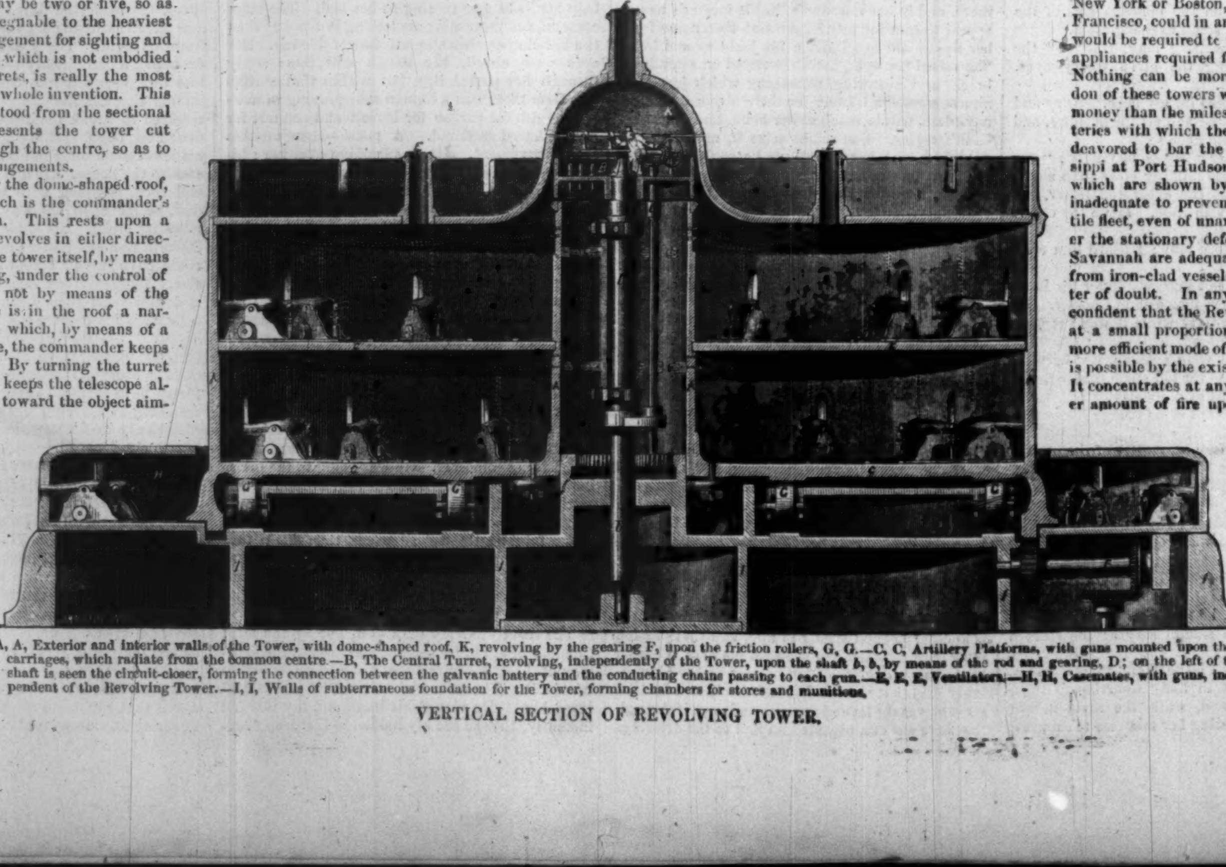
But to guard against the possible passage of vessels like our "Monitors," whose vulnerable point lies under water, and is thus safe from cannon-shot, Mr. Timby proposes to add a series of "torpedos" affixed to a chain running from tower to tower in such a manner that they may be drawn directly under a vessel as it lies detained by the chains; these can be discharged at any instant by means of the Galvanic battery, thus with almost unfailing certainty blowing the enemy out of the water.

These are the main features of the "System of Revolving Towers as applied to Harbor Defense," as elaborated by the inventor of the principle of the revolving tower. To us they seem fully adequate to insuring an absolutely perfect defense of all our great harbors against any possible assault from the combined navies of the world. Of course to them might be added, if need were, any further auxiliaries, such as floating batteries and rams.

It will be observed that there is not a principle involved in this plan which has not now been thoroughly tested by actual trial. We know that towers have been built capable of resisting any guns now known, and that their defensive power can be increased to any required extent. We know that the revolution of these towers can be effected. We know that guns can be instantaneously discharged by the means of the Galvanic battery, and that guns of any size can be fired from the interior of a tower. Thus all the elements involved in this scheme are of well-known and established character; and they are so combined as to bring the most powerful forces known to us under the absolute control of a single mind, which directs the whole toward a single desired result.

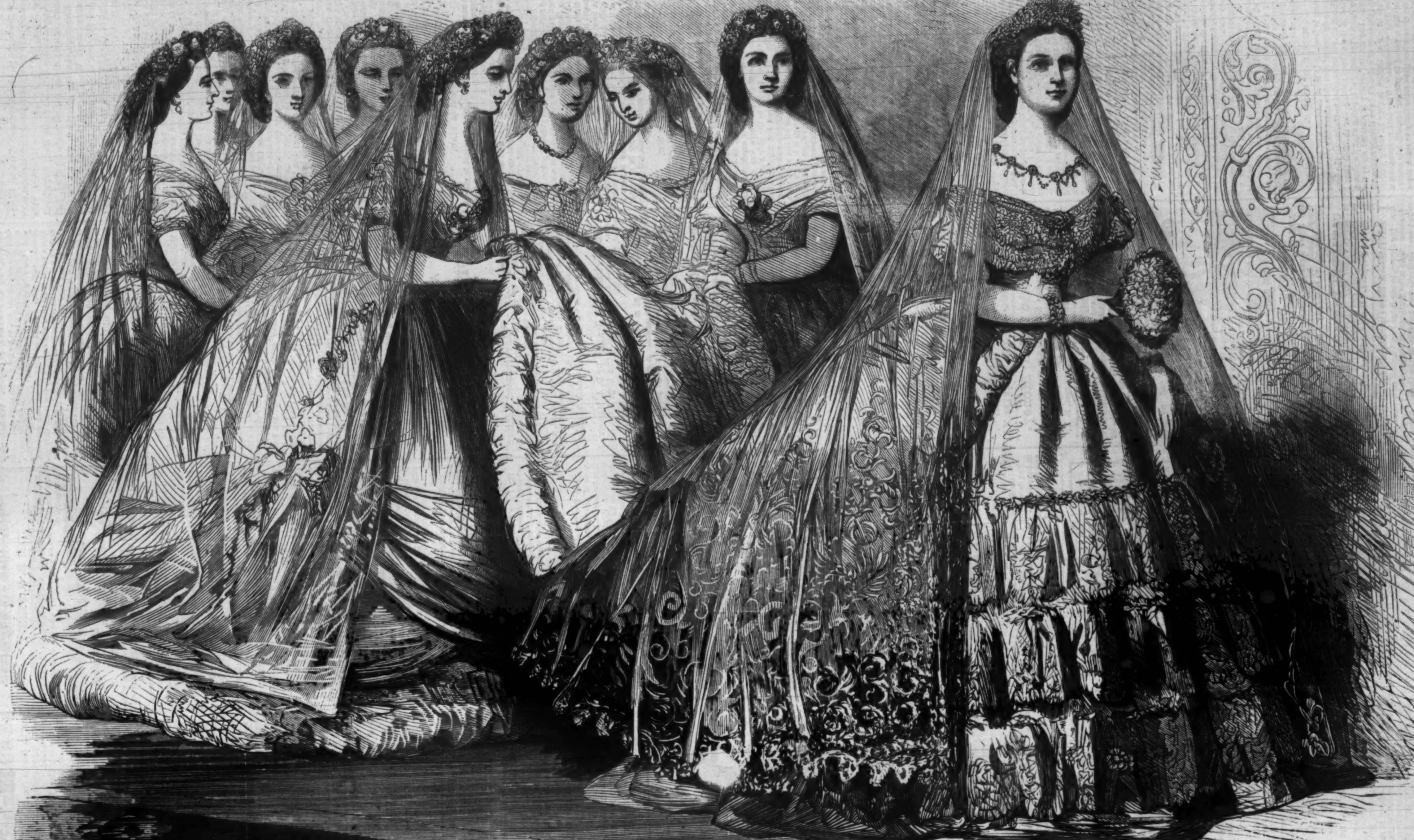
It must be borne in mind that the defensive powers of these towers is even greater than their offensive powers. That they may be made proof against any guns that have been or can be constructed is clear. Still more evident is it that they would be unassailable by direct assault or escalade. If cannon-balls could not penetrate them, human beings could not. They could only be reduced by famine.

The cost of guarding our harbors by such a cordon of towers would of course be considerable. But a mere inspection of the general features of the plan is quite sufficient to show that it would be less than by the present mode of stationary forts. And no matter what were the cost, if the end in view were attained it would be well laid out. The one end is to render our great sea-ports absolutely safe from assault by a hostile naval power. A single armed steamer once fairly within range of New York or Boston, or Philadelphia or San Francisco, could in an hour cost us more than would be required to build all the towers and appliances required for their perfect defense. Nothing can be more clear than that a cordon of these towers will cost less in time and money than the miles of earth-work and batteries with which the Confederates have endeavored to bar the passage of the Mississippi at Port Hudson and Vicksburg, all of which are shown by trial to be absolutely inadequate to prevent the passage by a hostile fleet, even of unarmored vessels. Whether the stationary defenses of Charleston and Savannah are adequate to defend these ports from iron-clad vessels is, as we write, a matter of doubt. In any case, however, we are confident that the Revolving Turrets furnish, at a small proportion of original cost, a far more efficient mode of defense than any which is possible by the existing systems of defense. It concentrates at any given moment a greater amount of fire upon any point, delivered with far more accuracy, than has been hitherto attempted. It must also be borne in mind that the cost in men and money is greatly diminished. Miles of fortifications demand thousands of men. A Revolving Tower will require only men enough to work the guns and manage the engines.



A, A, Exterior and interior walls of the Tower, with dome-shaped roof, K, revolving by the gearing F, upon the friction rollers, G, G.—C, C, Artillery Platforms, with guns mounted upon their carriages, which radiate from the common centre.—B, The Central Turret, revolving, independently of the Tower, upon the shaft *b*, *b*, by means of the rod and gearing, D; on the left of the shaft is seen the circuit-closer, forming the connection between the galvanic battery and the conducting chains passing to each gun.—E, E, E, Ventilators.—H, H, Casemates, with guns, independent of the Revolving Tower.—I, I, Walls of subterraneous foundation for the Tower, forming chambers for stores and munitions.

VERTICAL SECTION OF REVOLVING TOWER.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER BRIDEMAIDS.—[See Page 241.]

THE FIGHT AT PORT HUDSON.

On the night of 14–15th March Admiral Farragut passed the rebel batteries at Port Hudson with his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, and the *Albatross*. He attacked the forts with his entire fleet, but all but the two vessels above named were repulsed, and the *Mississippi*, having grounded, was set on fire and abandoned. We illustrate the combat on pages 248 and 249, and subjoin the following condensed account of the affair from the *Herald* correspondence:

THE REBEL BATTERIES.

The rebel batteries extend about four miles in length, with a gap here and there between. Below, just before the high bluff begins, a very large number of field batteries were placed in position. These batteries are by no means to be despised; for in such a narrow part of the river they are just as effective as siege guns, especially as they can be handled with far greater facility than ordnance of larger size. Proceeding upward, the regular fortifications commence. They seem to consist of three distinct ranges of batteries, numbering several in each range. It does not seem, however, that either of them mounts guns of very large calibre. The river now begins to trend to the west, forming a faint representation of a horseshoe, in the hollow of which the town of Port Hudson is situated. It is right in that hollow, and just below the town, that the most formidable battery—the central one—is situated, on the highest bluff. Four heavy guns appear to be mounted there in casemates. I say appear, because the flashes from these guns revealed nothing; but the flame from the muzzles showed that all beyond was in obscurity—precisely as would be the case with guns in casemate. The other guns, *en barbette*, or peering through open embrasures, revealed, when fired, something of the lay of the land behind and around, though but for a moment. Above the town are other batteries, only less formidable than those just below. Beyond these the high bluffs gradually subside into the general level of the surrounding country. Right opposite the principal batteries, on the right bank of the river, is the point of land on which the *Mississippi* grounded, in consequence of which she had to be set on fire and destroyed.

After describing the first shots from the *Hartford*, which were promptly returned from the rebel batteries, the correspondent thus describes the

MORTARS OPENING FIRE.

And now was heard a thundering roar, equal in volume to a whole park of artillery. This was followed by a rushing sound, accompanied by a howling noise that beggars description. Again and again was the sound repeated, till the vast expanse of heaven rang with the awful minstrelsy. It was apparent that the mortar-boats had opened fire. Of this I was soon convinced on casting my eyes aloft. Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Shooting upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen sailing through the pure ether—not a steady, unfading flame, but corruscating, like the fitful gleam of a fire-fly—now visible, and anon invisible. Like a flying star of the sixth magnitude, the terrible missile—a 13-inch shell—nears its zenith, up and still up—higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower, till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becomes counteracted by the earth's attraction; it describes a parabolic curve, and down, down, it comes, bursting, it may be, ere it reaches *terra firma*, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, where it scatters death and destruction around.

THE "RICHMOND" AT WORK.

The *Richmond* had by this time got within range of the rebel field batteries, which opened fire on her. I had all along thought that we would open fire from our bow guns, on the topgallant forecastle, and that, after discharging a few broadsides from the starboard side, the action would be wound up by a parting compliment from our stern chasers. To my surprise, however, we opened at once from our broadside guns. The effect was startling, as the sound was unexpected; but beyond this I really experienced no inconvenience from the concussion. There was nothing unpleasant to the ear, and the jar to the ship was really quite unappreciable. It may interest the uninitiated to be informed how a broadside is fired from a vessel-of-war. I was told on board the *Richmond* that all the guns were sometimes fired off simultaneously, though it is not a very usual course, as it strains the ship. Last night the broadsides were fired by commencing at the forward gun, and firing all the rest off in rapid succession, as fast almost as the ticking of a watch. The effect was grand and terrific; and, if the guns were rightly pointed—a difficult thing in the dark, by-the-way—they could not fail in carrying death and destruction among the enemy.

Of course we did not have every thing our own way; for the enemy poured in his shot and shell as thick as hail. Over, ahead, astern, all around us, flew the death-dealing missiles, the hissing, screaming, whistling, shrieking, and howling of which rivaled Pandemonium. It must not be supposed, however, that because our broadside guns were the tools we principally worked with, our bow and stern chasers were idle. We soon opened with our bow 80-pounder Dahlgren, which was followed up not long after by the guns astern, giving evidence to the fact that we had passed some of the batteries.

THE ACTION BECOMES GENERAL.

Soon after firing was heard astern of us, and it was soon ascertained that the *Monongahela*, with her consort, the *Kineo*, and the *Mississippi*, were in action. The *Monongahela* carries a couple of two hundred-pounder rifled Parrott guns, besides other ticklers. At first I credited the roar of her amiable two hundred-pounders to the "bummers," till I was undeceived, when I recalled my experience in front of Yorktown last spring, and the opening of fire from similar guns from Wormley's creek. All I can say is, the noise was splendid. The action now became general. The roar of cannon was incessant, and the flashes from the guns, together with the flight of the shells from the mortar boats, made up a combination of sound and sight impossible to describe. To add to the horrors of the night, while it contributed toward the enhancement of a certain terrible beauty, dense clouds of smoke began to envelop the river, shutting out from view the several vessels and confounding them with the batteries. It was very difficult to know how to steer to prevent running ashore, perhaps right under a rebel battery or into a consort. Upward and upward rolled the smoke, shutting out of view the beautiful stars and obscuring the vision on every side. Then it was that the order was passed, "Boys, don't fire till you see the flash from the enemy's guns." That was our only guide through the "palpable obscurity." Intermingled with the boom of the cannonade arose the cries of the wounded and the shouts of their friends, suggesting that they should be taken below for treatment. So thick was the smoke that we had to cease firing several times, and, to add to the horrors of the night, it was next to impossible to tell whether we were running into the *Hartford* or going ashore, and, if the latter, on which bank, or whether some of the other vessels were about to run into us or into each other. All this time the fire was kept up on both sides incessantly. It seems, however, that we succeeded in silencing the lower batteries of field-pieces.

MUZZLE TO MUZZLE.

This phrase is familiar to most persons who have read accounts of sea-fights that took place about fifty years ago; but it is difficult for the uninitiated to realize all the horrors conveyed in these three words. For the first time I had, last night, an opportunity of knowing what the phrase really meant. The central battery is situated about the middle of the segment of a circle I have already compared to a horseshoe in shape, though it may be better understood by the term "crescent." This battery stands on a bluff so high that a vessel in passing immediately underneath can not elevate her guns sufficiently to reach those on the battery; neither can the guns on the battery be sufficiently depressed to bear on the passing ship. In this position the rebel batteries on the two horns of the crescent can enfilade the passing vessel, pouring in a terrible cross-fire, which the vessel can return, though at a great disadvantage, from her bow and stern chasers. We fully realized this last night; for, as we got within short range, the enemy poured into us a terrible fire of grape and canister, which we were not slow to return—our guns being double-shotted, each with a stand of both grape and canister. Every vessel in its turn was exposed to the same fiery ordeal on nearing the centre battery, and right promptly did their gallant tars return the compliment. This was the hottest part of the engagement. We were literally muzzle to muzzle, the distance between us and the enemy's guns being not more than twenty yards, though to me it seemed to be only as many feet. In fact, the battle of Port Hudson has been pronounced by officers and seamen who were engaged in it, and who were present at the passage of Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson, below New Orleans, and had participated in the fights of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Island No. 10, Vicksburg, etc., as the severest in the naval history of the present war.

THE "RICHMOND" RETURNS.

Matters had gone on in this way for nearly an hour and a half—the first gun having been fired at about half past eleven o'clock—when, to my astonishment, I heard some shells whistling over our port side. Did the rebels have batteries on the right bank of the river? was the query that naturally suggested itself to me. To this the response was given that we had turned back. I soon discovered that it was too true. Our return was, of course, more rapid than our passage up. The rebels did not molest us much, and I do not believe one of their shots took effect while we were running down rapidly with the current. It was a melancholy affair, for we did not know but what the whole expedition was a failure; neither could we tell whether any of our vessels had been destroyed, nor how many. We had the satisfaction of learning soon afterward, however, that the *Hartford* and *Albatross* had succeeded in rounding the point above the batteries. All the rest were compelled to return. We soon came to anchor on the west side of Prophet Island, so near to the shore that the poop-deck was strewn with the blossoms and leaves of the budding trees that we brushed back. As I passed the machinery of the vessel, on my way forward, I was shown a large hole that had been made by an eighty-pounder solid conical shell, which had passed through the hull of the ship, damaging the machinery so as to compel us to return.

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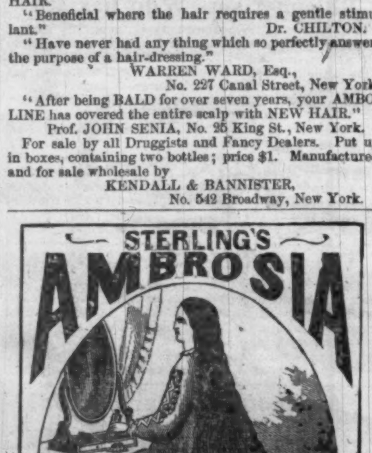
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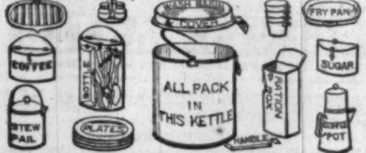

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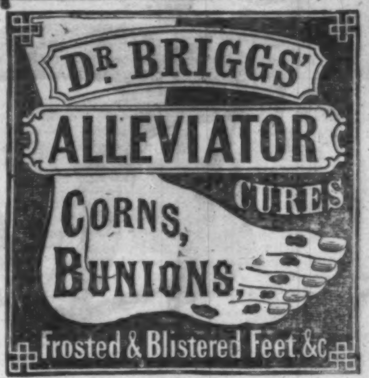

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